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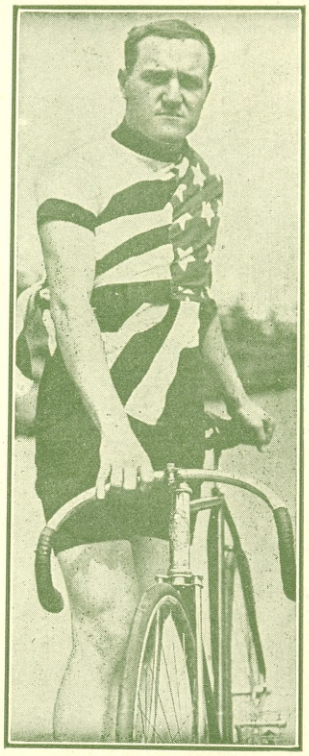

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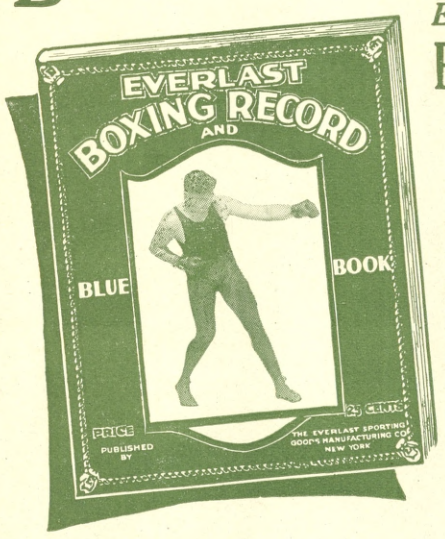

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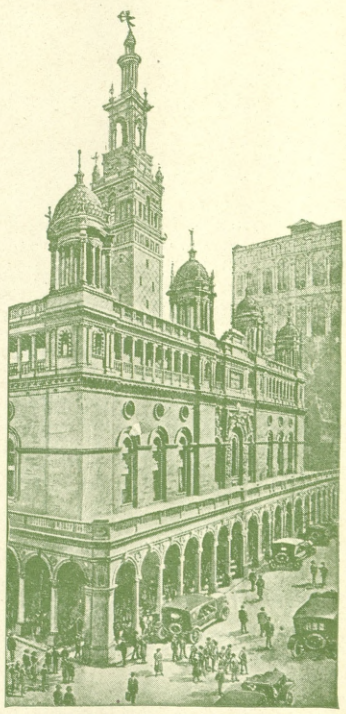

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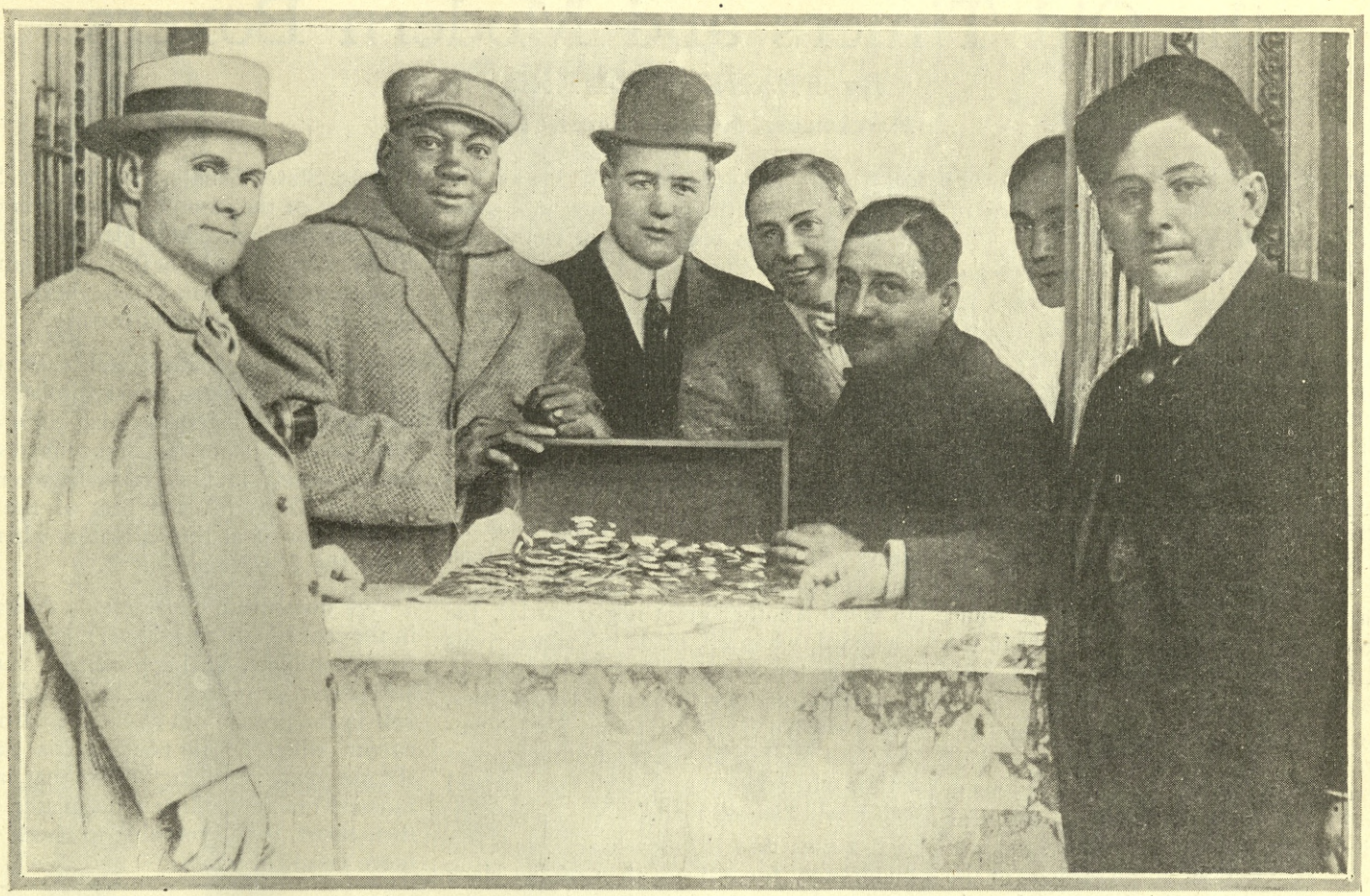

Counting twenty thousand dollars in gold to be used as forfeit for Reno Contest. Left to right—Tex Rickard, promoter; Jack Johnson, Sam Berger, Jim Jeffries' representative; Hotel manager and Jack Gleason

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THE RING

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Age and Pugilism—A Comparison Between the Old Timers and Modern Boxers

By FRANK FLOURNOY

Matchmaker, Madison Square Garden

WHAT is the age at which a boxer or an athlete in any branch of sport is at his best?

This question has been argued pro and con year after year and will always remain an absorbing topic of discussion because of the wide scope such query gives for a field of argument. Only recently at one of New York City's largest clubs, while waiting for the simon pures to enter the ring, two elderly gentlemen, one of whom was present at the Heenan-Morrisey fight in Canada many years ago, were arguing about the prowess of Bob Fitzsimmons when one of the men declared that Bob at the age of 42 could have whipped the best heavyweight in the ring to-day with the exception of Jack Dempsey.

By degrees this discussion led into another field and wound up with a general statement that scores of the old boxers were at their best beyond the forty-year mark and that the present crop in almost all classes, despite youth being in its favor, would have fared second best in battles with most of the stars of by-gone days.

That there is more behind this discussion than mere words is evident from a perusal of the list of top-notchers whose great fights were fought when the men were beyond the age we now call "in their prime." If it had been decreed years ago when boxing boasted of the Truly Greats that none beyond the age of 35 or, still better, 38, as the present rules of the New York State Athletic Commission states, could engage in fistic encounters, pugilism's history would be a rather drab affair.

Most of the heroes of old whose battles are the subject of conversation wherever the dyed-in-the-wool fan gathers would not be found in the archives of fistiana. Their wonderful deeds, which furnish the inspiration for the present champions and near-champions, would never have found their way into the records of ring history.

Bob Fitzsimmons, George Godfrey, Jem Mace, Kid McCoy, Frank Craig, Daniel Mendoza, Yankee Sullivan, George La Blanche, Bendigo and Joe Goddard are just a few of the old stars who engaged in some wonderful battles after they reached the age of forty.

Fitzsimmons is one of the greatest examples of the "aged" fighter. Lanky Bob at 38 defeated Jim Daly, Ed Dunkhurst, Jeff Thorne, Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin—quite an aggregation of heavy hitters. Bob took the entire crew into camp in one season, a feat any man would feel proud of. At the age of 41 Bob knocked out Con Coughlin in one round, then whipped the tough George Gardiner in twenty.

Fitzsimmons is not the only great fighter who showed considerable ability at the age most athletes are termed has-beens. George Godfrey, the giant negro, made Jake Kilrain travel some to beat him at a time when the negro was 38 years old and his opponent 32. It took Jake forty-four rounds of terrific milling to win. Another great negro battler, Joe Goddard, when 38, made his white rivals travel at top speed to keep from defeat. Goddard fought such men as Jim Jeffries, Bob Armstrong, Peter Maher, Joe Choynski, Gus Ruhlin and several others, all at a time when the present-day athlete would be termed "an old man."

It seems that negroes have wonderful endurance, for still another of the black battlers fought at his best when above the age of the average fighter. Frank S. Craig, better known as the Harlem Coffee Cooler, is the fellow referred to. At 39 he stopped Pat Mulcahey in seven rounds and Tom Spring, in Dublin, in one round. Bill Richmond, the second American negro to seek glory in England, fought his best battles after he was 40.

Out on the Coast, Spike Robinson, who frequently writes of his best battles, relates a story of Jimmy Dime, in which Spike tells of his knockout at the hands of the 39-year-old Jimmy in eleven rounds. Spike says he thought he was meeting an old man, but found a "youth" with a blow that carried the sting of a mule's kick. Dime incidentally fought for several years after he put Spike to sleep. At 40 years of age he fought the aggressive Harlem Tommy Murphy, and at 41 he drew with Monk the Newsboy, a hard-hitting Providence lad.

Going back to the days when science was first introduced, we come across the name of Daniel Mendoza, the Spanish Jew, the man who put science into the ring game. Mendoza's record shows that at 41 he beat Harry Lee in Grinstead Green in fifty-three rounds, and some time later he beat Tom Owen, another Englishman.

To wind up, we bring before the readers the bout between John Morrissey, who went from the ring to a seat in the United States Senate, and Yankee Sullivan, one of the gamest fighters this country ever has had. These gladiators fought thirty-seven rounds before Sullivan, the 40-year-old veteran, fell before the stronger attack of his adversary.

From the foregoing it will be seen that although the modern boxer, probably because of the stringent training rules made necessary by state boxing commissions, finds himself in his prime between the ages of 27 to 32, the best of the old-timers showed at their greatest when beyond the 32-year-old mark.

Age does make considerable difference in the makeup of an athlete, and the well-trained athlete, be he boxer or runner, ball player or racquet wielder, finds himself in the present era at the height of his career when he is nearing his thirty-second year. Statistics show that in the modern era few athletes, no matter what their sport, have been able to check their more youthful rivals.

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John D., resting from his toil,
Shakes his ancient head.
"Why did I go in for oil?"
The magnate sadly said.
"Why did I not learn the art
To strike with thunderbolts?
Oh turn my canny soul and heart
To Standard Jabs and Jolts?"

One by one the financiers
Sob along the way,
Shedding sundry briny tears
At their meager pay.
Thinking of the swollen sack,
Full of bullion raw,
If they'd only learned the knack
Of landing on the jaw.

And the thought occurs to me,
Sitting in my den,
Why pound on the typist key
For the humble yen
When I might, amid the list,
Fill my golden bin
By the sweep of artful fist
Pounding on the chin?

—Grantland Rice,
—Copyright N. Y. Tribune.

FOUGHT SOME OF THE GREATEST BATTLES IN FISTIANA WHEN PAST THE AVERAGE ATHLETIC AGE

1. *Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler*
2. *Yankee Sullivan*
3. *George Godfrey*
4. *Bob Fitzsimmons*
5. *John Morrissey*
6. *John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy*
7. *Kid McCoy*

The Lay of the Land

Kid Socko Tries Promoting

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

LIVE and learn. That's my motto, folks, and if you live long enough you may learn enough to come in out of the rain if you ain't got nowhere else to go.

After my experiences in the fight game, and never having won a decision from anyone in my life, you might think that I would have sense enough to give it the go-by, or at least to pay it only an occasional visit. But you know that half the world is fools and the other half don't know no better. And I'm a charter member of both Lodges of the Grand Order of Saps. I started in at the thirty-third degree and I've been going better ever since.

Well, I am ready to tell you about the latest decision I lose, which I can't proceed to do, however, without first stopping to wipe a few tears from my eyes.

This latest blow to my fortunes catches me where it will do the most harm, in the immediate vicinity of the b. r., and how it happens is as follows:

In the first place a kindly uncle of mine, which same has never seen me or he might have changed his mind, wraps himself about a bottle of booze that could have eat a hole in the bottom of a battleship. Well, there is quite a little dough even after the doctors, and the bootleggers and the undertakers is paid, and the authorities can find no nearer relative than me.

Finds Fault With Landlady

Well, I inherit this dough at about the same time that I am ready to inherit a choice seat in the park, owing to my landlady having a bad habit of expecting cash for room rent.

Thereupon I say to myself as follows:

"Socko," I say, "Take you this dough and lock it up so tight that they will have to dig another subway to come within ten miles of it. Sink it," I say, "And the first guy that says anything to you about the fight game, hire yourself fourteen gunmen and see that justice is did to him."

And, of course, I do everything else but that.

I am around for a while looking at the movies and seeing how the villains always get it in the soft collar, how the heroes is always being rewarded with many bucks and beauteous dames, how the wise guys is foiled by the simple country lads and one thing and another which seems so plausible in the movies that you wonder how come things never happen that way when you pass out into the night.

But maybe if they did turn out that way in real life, the movies would have to show the villains getting the sweet babies and the jack, with the poor, honest boy being just as poor and not quite so honest when the widow has a hard time scraping up six guys that will admit they was friendly enough with deceased to be called on to serve as pall-bearers.

Anyway, I am finding time hanging so heavy on my hands that it weighs nearly as much as a dollar watch.

I know every Peril that Pauline ever had been in by its first name and I've seen the Two Orphans so often that I begin to figure it is time they grow up and have children of their own. Not only that but I spend eight weeks trying to see Eddie Polo in a polo game and the nearest I come to it is in a fllm where he drives a Ford onto a baseball diamond and the ball breaks his front anxle so badly that it takes two hairpins to brace it.

Along Comes the Tempter

So along comes the tempter, the same being Large Long, the first guy on record to sell non-skid tires to the chauffeur of a Venetian gondola.

Large greets me like a long-lost brother who left home owing heavy dough and who has made enough to pay some of it off since then.

"The Kid himself," says he.

"In person," says I, not having given the movies a play for nothing.

"You're lookin' good," states Large.

"I'm being good," I tell him.

"It's the only way to be," he wise cracks, putting the little book with the telephone numbers back in his inside pocket.

"Yeh!" I agree. "How's business?" I go on to inquire, feeling the need to be polite.

"I'm just going down to see Tex Rickard," he tells me, putting on the Ritz so heavy you can almost see the red figures on the bottom of the check.

"Well, he ought to stand for ten, anyway," I guess.

"Is that so?" he sneers. "Is that so? Well, if Rickard is a good boy I may put him in the way of making a little dough for himself, but I ain't so sure that I will. He's got to talk turkey to me. That's what he's got to do. Talk turkey."

"Why? Can't you understand United States?" I inquire.

"That's the stuff," he shouts out. "Keep on wise cracking. You're the kind of guy that would have laughed at Ford when he wanted a few bucks to start his plant. And you would probably have thrown rocks at Edison if he asked you for a couple of hundred to buy wire for his electricity. You're just a wise sap and you'll always be one. That's how you miss yourself a chance to grab fifty grand a year, easy."

"How come?" I ask, and now I know that I'll have to enter a complaint with St. Peter that at that moment my guardian angel was asleep on the job.

For that's what hooked me.

Large can talk so smooth when he is promoting something that he can make a file seem like a velvet gown. He could sell radiators and furnaces to the Quakers, or whoever those guys are that live on the Equator.

Of course he sells me. I ain't missed being sold on anything since the first guy issued stock in a company to manufacture golden rod extract for hay fever patients.

What he has in mind is as follows:

He says the great need in the fight game is for a guy to be a promoter in the Middle West like Rickard in New York. He tells me that Tex has everything his own way in the East, but that in a centrally located town beyond the Mississippi a guy can make himself a lot of jack by staging championship fights so that the bugs out there can give them the up and down—at a fifteen-dollar top.

Further, he tells me that he has the town picked. That he has the officials fixed. That he has an option for the best site in town, and that all he needs is the dough to buy the land. He says that has he enough dough to buy the land the leading banker will finance the rest of the proposition.

"They'd do it all," he says, "but they want some proof that a guy is in earnest."

This guy is so much in earnest that he is with Large Long a day later, bound for Burleyton, Kans.

Sure enough, everything Large has said is right; or nearly everything. The Mayor is for us. The Prosecuting Attorney says he would love to see a boxing match pulled off in Burleyton. The site is o. k. It looks good. So I buy.

Then Large is called away by a death in his family, and he leaves me to see the banker.

The banker is a drink of ice water, with whiskers.

He gives me a careful play, while I tell all about the city officials being for me, and the good site, and the dough we are all going to make, and one thing and another.

(*Continued on page* 12)

Taking the Mountain Trail

By LEO P. FLYNN

Manager of America's Greatest Stable of Boxers

A YOUNG man who had lately injected himself into the managerial field came into my office and asked me how many fight fans usually attend a bout in Waterbury, Conn. His query brought to my mind my last trip to that fair city and an experience at the hands of the promoter.

Two years ago I received a telegram from a person called Curley, a boxing promoter, in which he offered me 25 per cent of the gross receipts and two round trip tickets for a contest between Sammy Waltz, a local pride, and Frankie Kick, a boy under my management. The contest was scheduled for the Waterbury Ball Park. I accepted his offer and on the day of the contest, accompanied by a second and my boy, we travelled by auto to the scene of the battle.

When we arrived in Waterbury we inquired where the ball park was and were informed by a husky policeman that it was situated about ten miles out of the city limit. We started in my car for the park and arrived there about half an hour later.

Oh, boy, what a park it was. There were about six boards around the park to show it once was fenced in, there was no ring, but there were about 40 ushers, ticket sellers, and officials of all kinds.

We were somewhat astonished and acted the part of rubes as we looked over the site when we suddenly spied the promotor, who from all appearances had ploughed the end of the park and did a little planting in the morning to dress the battle ground up a bit, and then, not desiring to be caught with his ploughing clothes on, rushed home to don his Sunday garments, i.e., a celluloid shirt front and a rubber collar with a bright red tie.

He greeted us with a beaming smile and a glad handshake, and asked us how we liked his arena. Not seeing more than a row of benches on either side of the outfield, I asked this budding promoter where the fans were going to sit. To this he replied:

"Ho! you see, we are going to have a unique affair here, somewhat similar to the kind they used to have in Sullivan's days when they fought with the "rawuns" on the turf.

"So," I replied, "that's fine. A jolly time will be had by all, eh?"

"Oh, yes," this hayseed shot back, "we've advertised this battle all over the countryside and I expect every official from Waterbury and its neighboring towns to be here shortly."

That sounded rather interesting, for at least, thought I, we will get some money out of this fight even if it is fought on the turf.

Just then the gate was opened, and the promoter informed me the crowd would soon be arriving.

He was right. They did come and came in droves.

First there were about thirty volunteer firemen in their best regalia, and these of course had to be admitted free. At least so I was informed by the promoter, who declared they were ordered to the park for emergency purposes. That seeemed natural enough and yours truly politely bowed and passed these dead heads into the park.

Then along came a bewhiskered old gentleman who remarked:

"Is the fight started yet?" "No," I replied, whereupon he dug deep into a pocketbook that seemed old with age, dug up a dollar bill, handed it to the ticket seller and walked into the park.

At least there's a good start, said I to myself, when up came eight members of the regular Waterbury Fire Department. I stopped them at the gate, only to be shoved aside and informed they were sent to supplement the volunteers.

Next came the police chief, the captain and a body guard of eight policemen. Of course if one valued his life, it was best not to ask them to purchase tickets so we chalked eight more against the deadheads. Things began to look gloomy and I began to wonder where our share of the gate receipts was to come from when along came a sight seeing bus with about fifty fans and much to my astonishment each had purchased a ticket.

My joy was soon changed to gloom when a delegation of Elks, all members of the same society as the promoter gave him the high sign and all were admitted free. Following that incident came another body, all members of the Order of Free Booters, and I decided then and there that I had stood for enough. It seemed to me that the softest thing about the Connecticut Yankees were their teeth.

Mr. Rubber Collar walked up to me and said, "Well, Mr. Flynn, I think we'd better begin this yere fight. It's getting rawther late."

I replied, "How do you expect to pay these men, in money or flowers?" to which he replied: "In money of course, but you know they be working on a percentage."

I saw it was futile to argue with this rube, hence I decided to back out of the battle by another method. I remarked, "you know these boys can't fight here. You have no ring, no gong and no referee."

"Oh, that's all provided for," he shot back, "the boys will fight on the turf, and we'll use this handle from my pick axe to strike the time."

Whereupon he handed the handle to a cronie and said:

"Here, you, Tom, I'll referee, and you strike this yere handle on the spike every four or five minutes."

The entire thing was so funny to me that I decided the laugh was on me and I would pay my man out of my own pocketbook.

No sooner had I made this decision than the local pride developed cold feet at being asked to fight before 60 odd paid admissions and decided fighting was a profitable business but not in Waterbury and refused to fight. While he was engaged in arguing with the promoter, the Chief of Police, the volunteer and paid firemen, I saw an opening, and telling my boy to get into my auto, I leaped into the car, put on high speed and shot over the mountain trail back to New York.

I'm cured so far as accepting percentages from small town promoters is concerned unless I know them personally. The experience was worth a $1000 bill.

St. Louis Writers Predict Championship for Kaiser

"The greatest boxer St. Louis ever turned out," is what the Mound City sports say of little Johnny "Peewee" Kaiser, a lad yet in his teens. Kaiser at one time was amateur champion of Missouri, and has been boxing professionally about two years.

One of his best fights took place recently at the Coliseum in St. Louis, when he won the referee's decision over Pal Moore, pride of Memphis.

In his last contest at St. Louis Kaiser knocked out Al Walker, Pacific champion, in seven rounds. Johnny knocked him down at least a dozen times before putting over the final blow.

St. Louis sporting critics are enthusiastic over the young man's ring achievements, and considerable space has been devoted to the lad, and more than one writer has predicted that he will be a successor of Johnny Buff.

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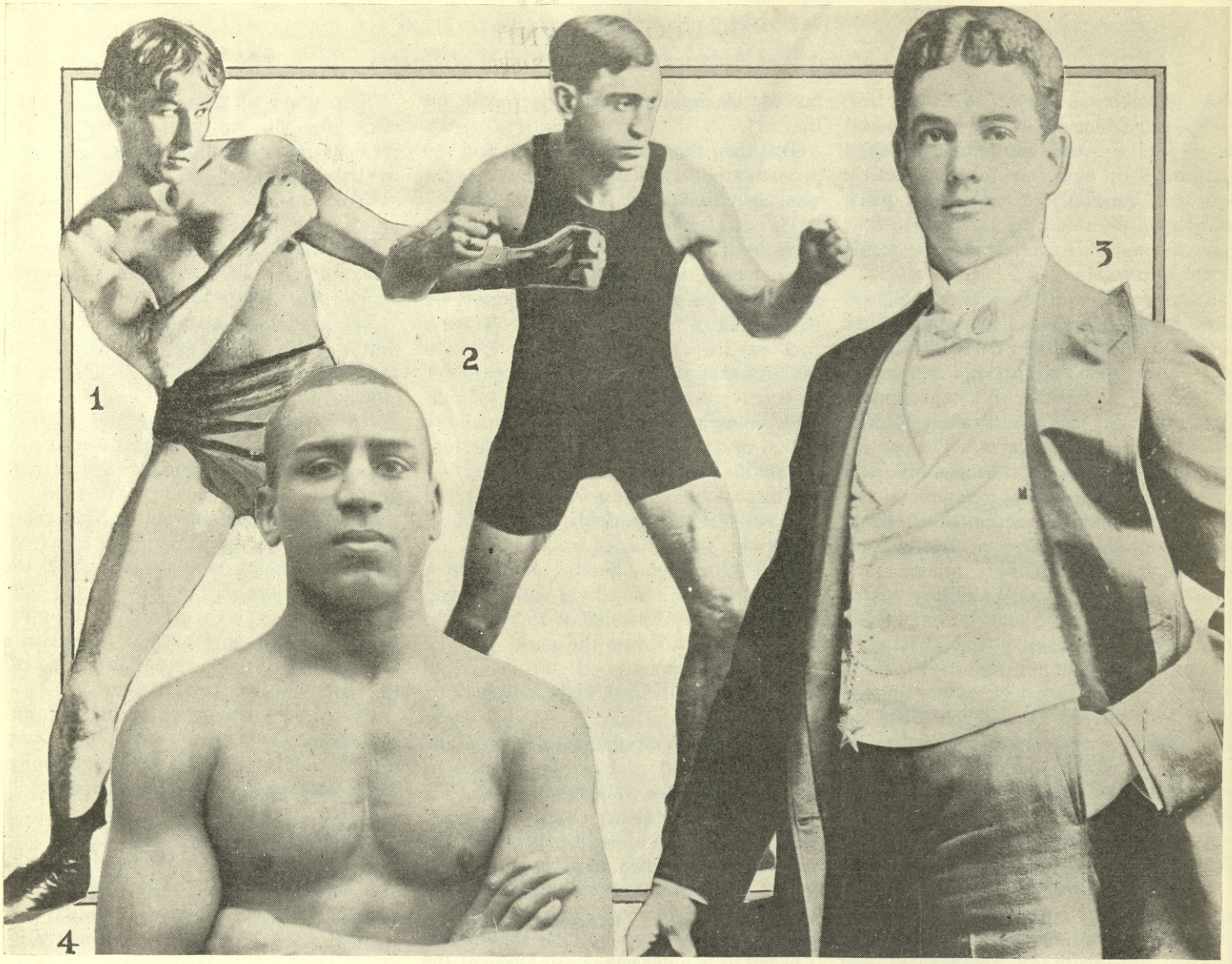
MASTERS OF RING TRICKERY



1. *Joe Choynski.* 2. *Leach Cross.* 3. *Kid McCoy.* 4. *Joe Gans*

Old Boxing Stars, Masters of Strategic Trick Craft of Ring

By J. L. (IKE) DORGAN

Boxing is a rough game. It is invested with science and brute strength but today, as in the past, there are boxers with much besides strength of arm and science of punching, guarding and stepping away. The attribute they possess is keenness of mind. Perhaps the present day boxers have not developed this to the same extent or along the same lines, as did some of the famous ringmen of the past, and for that reason the tricks and devises of the boxers of other generations loom greater in this respect than do those of the boys now in the ring.

Conditions, too, have changed. Boxing rules are stricter now. State Boxing Commissions bar much of the rough stuff, and make it hard for the little "tricks of the ring" that were the stock in trade of many a wise old boxer. Kid McCoy, as we have been told and know from observation, is a shining example of mental alertness. The Kid was keen, wise and clever. He could execute his little tricks, fair and unfair though they were, in such a manner as to fool referee and spectator alike and very often the suffering opponent did not really know that he had been duped by McCoy.

McCoy and Choynski present a case in question. Here were two foxy, wise old birds. McCoy had great respect for Choynski and feared his punching ability. They met and battled hard and without much advantage for either man. McCoy, however, believed that it was the better part of valor for him to use a little "inside stuff" on Joe. Watching his opportunity he clipped Joe on the chin just as the bell ended one of the rounds. The blow knocked Joe cold. Of course it wasn't recorded as a K. O. But instead of being ruled out for having committed a foul. McCoy was given the benefit of the doubt and referee and spectators alike held that he had not heard the bell.

Choynski held otherwise but couldn't prove his side of the case. McCoy landed the blow for the weakening effects it would have, knowing full well that it wouldn't be allowed. He couldn't hit Joe while Joe was on guard but when Choynski heard the bell he stopped fighting, lowered his guard and then got it on the chin. McCoy felt sorry, he acclaimed, but his trick had worked nicely.

When Battling Nelson and Joe Gans fought at Goldfield the little "Chocolate Drop" cut Nelson's eye badly and had it bleeding so that Nelson could hardly see. Between rounds his seconds doctored the injured optic up and gave strict instruc-

(*Continued on page* 9)

Boxing and the Criminal

An Interview with Inspector Coughlin of New York City Police Department

Boxing not only is a part of the preliminary training for all policemen but also is the means taken by the majority to keep physically trim and fit for the strenuous duties of their calling. Capt. Schofield, commander of the police training school, introduced boxing as a part of the school course ten years ago and has continued since.

Police Inspector John D. Coughlin, head of the New York City detective forces, is a firm believer in the strength of two good fists, behind the club to protect the life and property of citizens.

When Commissioner Enright, of New York City, obtains the additional 1,192 policemen authorized recently by the city government, Inspector Coughlin will have assigned to him a number of young men who will be placed to plain clothes duty. To these men will be assigned the task of acting as decoys to lure criminals on. Each of the newcomers will be trained in the use of their hands to enable them to meet crooks without drawing weapons.

Inspector Coughlin is a perfect type of a "black Irishman". Built along greyhound rather than mastiff lines, his quick movements and ceaseless activity reveal the presence of muscles like steel springs even though his hair is showing the silver of the years.

"Silent Jack" terror of criminals, knows whereof he speaks. Nearly thirty years ago when William Sheehan, later Theodore Roosevelt's special guard, was Czar of the old Tenderloin, this young New Yorker, John Coughlin, went on patrol duty. Toughs were tough then and "cop baiting" was a favorite outdoor sport.

He accepted the challenge of the gangsters and he used his good right hand to enforce his commands. And he hasn't forgotten today.

"The average criminal is a mental defective" said the Inspector when bearded in his Headquarters office. "And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the crook is yellow. The desperate criminal —the man who starts out with murder in his heart is an exception. The average is a rat—sneaky and mean and cowed when faced by red-blooded, two-fisted men.

"Every policeman learns to be self-reliant and to keep his head in emergencies. The very fact that he is a policeman is a proof of his courage.

"Not only are policemen taught boxing in the training school" continued the Inspector, "but they also are encouraged to box in the police station on their reserve time and hundreds of the men belong to Y. M. C. A.'s and athletic clubs where they box to keep themselves physically fit."

The average law abiding citizen in good physical condition, the Inspector intimated, if trained in the art of self defense would be more than a match for a bandit.

For obvious reasons neither Inspector Coughlin nor any other official would comment on the so-called crime wave existing in the civilized world today.

But police officials in every part of the country believe that a population trained to defend itself, individually and in the mass, would materially aid the policemen paid to protect them. Unusual situations demand unusual remedies. Obviously a policeman cannot be at all places at the same time.

Equally obvious is the fact that most people are unfamiliar with the use of firearms and that the promiscuous use of revolvers by the public causes more harm than good.

The conclusion, therefore, is that with red-blooded men following the lead of the policemen and developing a sleep producing punch in each hand, common crimes of habitual criminals would be reduced.

Start now. Begin training in the use of your fists at any of the gymnasiums in your home town. In New York City such places as Philadelphia Jack 'O'Brien's, Grupp's and George Bothner's gymnasiums lead the field for such training.

Old Boxing Stars, Masters of Strategic Trick Craft of Ring

(*Continued from page* 8)

tions to Bat to keep that peeker protected at all costs knowing that if he became partly blinded Gans would cut him to pieces. For a couple of rounds Bat succeeded in guarding his eye and Gans, though he jabbed and swung, was unable to land again on the cut eye.

But Gans, always thinking ahead, finally found a way to that eye. It was not exactly the highest bit of sportsmanship but it was a clever trick and the referee and even Nelson's seconds were not wise to it. Gans, finding it impossible to get a blow in on the eye, came into a clinch, hugged Bat tight and then rubbed his closely cropped and bristly head against Bat's injured eye. It opened the cut at once, but even Bat thought Gans did it accidentally. But Joe kept on doing it and the Nelson handlers were unable to again stop the flow of blood and Bat became blinded and an easy target for the colored boy's jabs and crosses.

Leach Cross would pretend to be badly hurt, as fans who used to watch Leach can recall, and working this round after round he would force his opponent to become careless. Then suddenly Leach would come to life, send over a terrific swing and his opponent would kiss the canvas. It didn't always work but it did often enough to make Leach famous and it became a saying later when other fighters tried to pull it with less finish than did Leach, "He's trying to pull a Leach Cross."

Gans was a master with the short punch. He could lick in that short left or right without a movement save of the arm. So when Gans and Nelson, quite a ways along in the battle, fell to the floor, Gans made pretense of helping Nelson to his feet and when aiding him, clipped Bat on the jaw with one of those short punches. Both were on their knees at the time. At first the fans howled but Gans, clever actor in the ring, made it appear as if Nelson received the blow in trying to push Gans back when all Gans was doing was trying to help Nelson. After that the fans all were with Gans for his apparently sincere act of kindness.

Tom Sharkey and Joe Choynski met and as might have been expected Joe jabbed and battered the sailor considerably. However, the Sailor was always so dangerous that Joe early realized he would have to use some kind of strategy to overcome the superior strength of Sharkey. The ring posts were none too well padded, as Joe soon noticed, and before long Joe began chasing Sharkey back against the ropes and then gradually along the ropes until Tom was with his back against one of the posts. Then Joe would lash out with his wicked straight, smashing punches.

Back would go Sharkey's head against the post and bounce back to receive another blow from Joe and then bounce against the ring post again. Sharkey didn't get wise, neither did his seconds nor the referee for some time. But when they did realize what Choynski was doing they could do nothing in the matter for there was no rule against hitting an opponent while he was against the ring posts. Thus Choynski had only to hit one blow to land two, for Sharkey received a blow on the back of the head every time his bean went against the post. Sharkey stuck out the fight, but did it on his nerve and strength.

Advertise in The Ring

Advertising rates for space in THE RING given upon request.

It pays to advertise in this magazine. The readers of THE RING are men who buy.

Harry Wills, Giant Negro Gladiator, Credit to the Game

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

HARRY WILLS is a credit to his race and The Game.

It would not be stretching the truth to say that Wills is running Booker T. Washington a good second in the Africo-American Stakes. Booker T. Washington and Harry Wills each has helped his race greatly, although their methods of doing so have nothing in common. Here is the way we look at it.

A nation, a race, or a blood is judged largely by its champions. Back of the triumphs of the American soldiers in the great World War was the bloodless victories of American athletes in Olympic Games and on the fields of sport in general.

America's sport successes bred fear and respect in the hearts of the men and women of other nations. Uncle Sam's bloodless triumph helped give the American Army an esprit de corps that was invincible and the same sports successes of the United States helped to break down the morale of the enemy.

The beginning of America's successes in the World War started many years before on the fields of peace.

Our country is a nation made up of many bloods. We are a young nation. Americans all, some of us have not lost our love for the mother blood. There is an intense rivalry of the bloods, Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Jew, Negro, Teuton, Swede, Russ, Italian here in this country. It is a good thing. It helps to keep us all up on our toes.

A race or a blood is in popular fancy judged largely by its sports champions. Negroes in this country suffered largely through the mistakes and indiscretions of Jack Johnson.

Wills Sets an Example

Harry Wills by his conduct inside and outside of the ring has done much to repair the injuries his race suffered through Jack Johnson.

Mind you we are not inclined to blame Jack Johnson over much. We do not condone law breaking or do we favor loose morals. Conditions must be taken into consideration. We know the temptations put in the path of the Galveston Black and understand how poorly equipped he was by training and environment to face them.

Most of Johnson's troubles, we suspect, were largely due to antagonizing a certain coterie of crooked gamblers, an element which is a growing menace to this country. This gang is alleged to have set a trap for Johnson. Johnson walked right into it.

Basically the men who lured Johnson on were more to blame than Johnson himself.

Nevertheless, Johnson committed the offenses charged to him, was convicted and punished.

The negro race, which like all others is in popular fancy largely judged by its sports champions, suffered greatly from it.

Boxing suffered from it also. Johnson's offenses were committed outside of the ring, but because he was a ring champion and prominently identified with the Game, censure was fastened on the sport itself.

There was nothing wrong with the Jeffries-Johnson contest itself except in the making of the match and the fact it never should have taken place. As the writer declared when the bout first was mentioned, Jeffries at his age and with years of sloth and idleness behind him could not hope to avail against Johnson, young, splendidly conditioned, powerful, just at the right ringedge.

The affair was staged. The "contest," if such an uneven match could be called a "contest," was fought on the level. Johnson won.

And because he won and won fairly there is strong reason to believe that a certain coterie of crooked gamblers who thought they had the thing fixed for Johnson to lose, got stung and well stung.

They never forgot it. They bided their time. Aided by Johnson's inherent weakness and his inability to withstand temptation, they eventually got their revenge and revenge aplenty.

The offenses Johnson committed did not take place inside the ring but outside of it and long after his affair with Jeffries.

Mixed championship matches were staged before the Jeffries-Johnson match and no trouble was occasioned. But the blame of Johnson's actions outside of the ring were placed on the Johnson-Jeffries contest itself and the negro race and the sport of boxing both excoriated for things which neither was responsible for and virtually unconnected with.

Jack Johnson was champion. Popular fancy adjudged both the boxing game and the negro race by Johnson.

Wills a Clean Sportsman

Harry Wills has done much to overcome the prejudices encouraged and the misunderstandings aroused by Jack Johnson.

His actions inside and outside of the ring have been exemplary and have done much to restore popular faith and confidence in his race and the sport he represents.

Inside the ropes the Black Panther of New Orleans is a superb boxer, and a clean and sportsmanly opponent.

Outside of the ropes Harry Wills is a clean living, respectable, sober, sedate, married man. The flesh pots of Egypt cannot entice him. The Primrose Path fails to lure him. He conducts himself like a man and is a credit to his race and the Game.

Wills is of a temperament and a moral code which indicates that further successes will not turn his head and that he has enough strength of will and character to overcome any of those temptations which invariably thrust themselves in the path of any popular sports champion, be he black or white.

Champion or tyro, Harry Wills will continue to be much the same, will play the game fair, keep honest and clean and be a credit to his race and his profession.

That is one of the principal reasons why those who have the best interests of boxing at heart would like to see Wills given the opportunity he richly has won —that of meeting Jack Dempsey for the world's heavyweight championship.

No challenger ever has shown a better right to a title tilt than has Harry Wills. He has overcome all opponents and stands as much in a class by himself as does the champion, Jack Dempsey.

Except for Wills, there is no other opponent in sight for Dempsey. There is no heavyweight of first rank in the ring today whom Dempsey has not already whipped and whipped decisively. You cannot name a heavyweight, black or white, save Wills, who would give Dempsey a sporting contest.

Negroes in All Sports

The argument against mixed matches does not hold water. The Jeffries-Johnson bugaboo is only a scarecrow. There is no other instance in the history of the ring where a mixed match caused any trouble, and as pointed out previously it was not the Jeffries-Johnson bout that caused the trouble, but the actions of Johnson outside of the ring and long after the contest itself.

Negroes have represented this country in many sets of Olympic Games. Negroes have been and still are prominent figures in many branches of college sport. Will Pennsylvania ever forget her John Tay-

(*Continued on page* 13)

Hairy Ape vs. Adonis or Louis Wolheim vs. Lionel Barrymore

By GERTRUDE PHILLIPS

If you saw him coming up from the stoke hole, grimy, gnarled of muscle, battered face and shaggy chest bared to the breezes what would you give for his chances against the slim, debonnair fashion plate passing him by with an appraising look? Just a flight of fancy that came to me as I talked with Louis Wolheim, soldier of fortune in this and other lands who has been one of the sensations of the dramatic season in the title role of "The Hairy Ape."

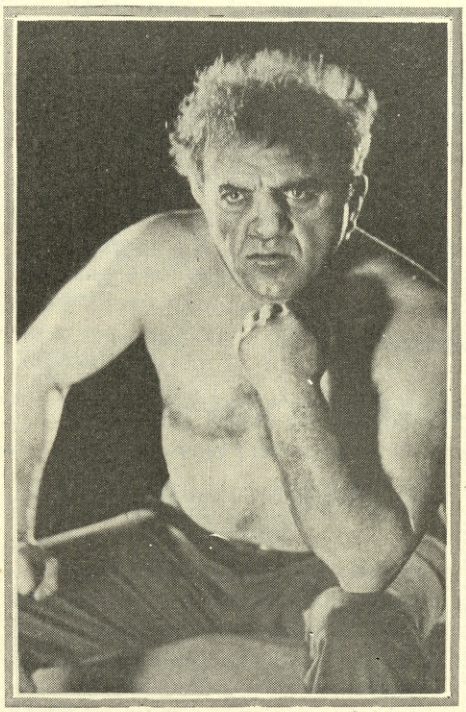
I was picturing to myself this burly, heavy-thewed cave man pitted in a ring battle against the handsome matinee idol, Lionel Barrymore, who is noted for his skill as an exponent of the manly art. Can you imagine the battle between the physical specimen that represents the primitive and the one who is the epitome of ultra-modern civilization. The "Hairy Ape" vs. the "Adonis"!

Wolheim suggested just such a thing as we closed a chat about the ring game when he said:—"But then, if you want the opinion of a really good boxer, talk to Lionel Barrymore."

But that is putting the cart before the horse.

Louis Wolheim is one heavyweight of imposing structure who is not camping on the trail of Leo Flynn or Jimmy Kelly to try to get a bout but we could not help but feel as we have watched him on the stage that he would make a good showing.

Wolheim is a product of little old New York. He was educated at the College of the City of New York when it did not boast of the gymnasium it has today. There were a rough and ready lot of lads in the school in his time and it was young Louis's greatest delight to lead the gang down into the engine room where the engineer, a boxing enthusiast, would let the kids hammer away at each other to their hearts' content. There was just one pair of gloves and they soon became potent instruments of battle. Louis was a husky lad and needless to say he could more than hold his own.



Louis Wolheim, The Hairy Ape

History is repeating itself, for once more he has the setting of an engine room every night at the Plymouth Theatre and cows the raving mob into submission. Whenever a director wants a real reel of red-blooded, dyed-in-the-wool, scientific pugilism or rough and tumble battling his first thought is of Wolheim. And how he does love it! There's no more enthusiastic follower of the sport.

"But it's not like it was in the old days," he says. "The boys of today have the speed, all right, but they're not tough enough. There's not that endurance there was in the days of Battling Nelson."

But like all the rest he has a good word for Benny Leonard. "He's a wonderful little fighter—the lefthanded boxer has a great advantage—the right hand out is a cinch."

"My performances don't give me much chance to see the fights just now. I have time for an occasional baseball game but I prefer the individual sport where it's all up to you—the sport of personal contact and encounter, where you are doing something all the time."

And then he spoke of Lionel Barrymore.

"Well, that's an idea. Perhaps manager Arthur Hopkins might arrange a match.

"'Hairy Ape' Wolheim vs. 'Adonis' Barrymore, fifteen rounds to a decision.

"Tex Rickard, please take notice."

What's Wrong with the British?

By AL CARSON

Former Athletic Director Trinity Club of Brooklyn

SERGEANT HERBERT BATES, of the Royal Irish Rifles, thirty-five years in the British Army, sat beside me in a dugout south of Ypres five years ago and we discussed the boxing ring, its history and development.

"Tell me, 'erbert," I asked, while "Jerry" sent over a scattering of "GI cans" destined for the Belgian town of Popperinge and points south. "How is it you 'Limies' never have a real champion?"

Bates puffed at a cigarette, being smoked slyly in violation of orders, and then answered slowly:

"We're too dommed sure we know it all. We're set in our ways and you can't change us.

"You know, 'Kit'," he continued, "most of the good men in the British ring have been in the army. They didn't have such a devilish fine time. In India and Egypt and South Africa, they sweated and swore and they fought as British soldiers can. No one ever accused an Englishman of being yellow."

"But they didn't learn only to fight. The canteen was the place of recreation and every man jack learned that ale was the best thing to train on. Maybe it is. I don't know, but it seems to me as if you Yanks with your blawsted prohibition for prize fighters and everyone have learned something."

He elaborated on this topic to show that practically every British champion over the years had indulged not wisely but too well and won fights not because of their antiquated training methods but in spite of them.

A second point he made effectively was that the large surplus of women over men in the population of the British Isles had a softening effect. Not that there was anything immoral about it but because where women outnumber men they are also anxious to please them and to surround them with the comforts of life. Too many comforts, according to Bates, makes a man soft.

His third point seemed to be well taken. In the United States he cited, you have wide distances separating large centers. In the British Isles a man can travel from one end of the country to another in a day. Competition is restricted because each contestant is perfectly well aware of his opponent's strength and weaknesses and can rapidly advance to the top. The long, arduous campaign necessary in this country, he holds, to work across the country, meet-

(*Continued on page* 17)

Says John L. Would Have Outboxed and Outhit Jack Dempsey

By JACK SHEEHAN

Boston's Veteran Referee

It begins to look as if Jack Dempsey will have to show the real class of his wares now that Harry Wills has put the champion in a position where he must meet the big colored fellow for the heavyweight title. This meeting should serve to either show Dempsey to be an inferior ringman, or a very good one, but in the latter event I don't think he will demonstrate his superiority to the great John L. Sullivan. I still think that Sullivan could have beaten Dempsey, could have outboxed him and could have outhit him. I have seen both men in action and that is the conclusion I have arrived at after 30 years of service in the ring.

I don't care to belittle Dempsey but he doesn't rank with the Boston Strong Boy by a long shot. Of course folks may accuse me of being sentimental towards the days that have passed, "the good old days," but however that may be, I can't picture Dempsey as the fighter John L. was. Present day fans favor the present day champions for the most part.

Cannot Be Convinced

Of course there is a reason for this, but many of the present followers and writers too have never had the pleasure of seeing any of the old timers fight and go off half cocked, as they have been led to believe that the old timers were nothing but bull rushers and depended upon the savagery of attack to subdue an opponent rather than the skill and nicety of stabbing and popping him to pieces. Let me say at the outset that I have had the pleasure of seeing Sullivan fight and have seen him in exhibition work that he outshone the present champion in every department of the glove game.

Don't let any one tell you that Sullivan was not a clever boxer. He was, and a finished one at that, and as a fighter he was the same type of borer and puncher that the present champion is in this the heyday of his career. He was endowed by nature with super-human strength, and when in the throes of a battle he made use of it with telling effect.

Jake Kilrain was another of the old timers when in the zenith of his fighting days who could make the present big fellows look like a Quincy stone sloop sailing against the Mayflower.

Kilrain was one of the best and most skilful big fellows that ever donned a glove and time after time in his fighting career he would make an opponent look silly by his bewildering skill of attack and defence.

Couldn't Hit Jake

In glancing over the field I am of the opinion that not one of the present crop of the heavies could hit him on the hip with a banjo, let alone a glove. George Godfrey, a past master of the art of self defence, was a pigmy in the hands of Kilrain and there is not a man in the world who ever saw "Old Chocolate" in action who would attempt to belittle his wonderful cleverness and his deadly, destroying punch, and yet Kilrain went all over him like Bill Murphy goes over a fish barrel.

Then comes the old master, Peter Jackson, who was conceded both in this country, England and Australia to have the fastest left hand that was ever fastened to a man. His brilliant winning record in the land of the Southern Cross was heralded all over the world and when he arrived in America he proved his wonderful fighting ability against the best that we had and was never compelled to lower his colors. Skill, speed and punch coupled with a fast thinking head made him one of the most dangerous competitors for Sullivan's crown.

His match with Kilrain and others stamped him as a man to be feared until he met with an accident that took him out of the lists. His 61-round battle with Jim Corbett was fought with and under great difficulties. Jackson was suffering from a sprained ankle and went into the ring almost a cripple and stayed nearly three hours under terrific conditions and then broke even. This contest did more than anything else to prove the sterling fighting worth of that great champion, Jim Corbett.

Goes After Sullivan

Corbett was matched to battle Kilrain and he beat Jake in New Orleans in short order. He then set sail for Sullivan. He wrested the crown from the great John L. on September 7, 30 years ago with the confidence of a great fighter. He tamed and subdued Sullivan but it took him 21 rounds and to the everlasting credit of Sullivan he went down to honest and courageous defeat without flying the flag of the "Ottoman Empire," something that a great many of the latter day title holders did not do.

National Advertisers, Attention. This Will Interest You

Do you know that THE RING is being sold from coast to coast, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, throughout the principal cities of Canada, in Havana, Paris and London? THE RING has a net paid circulation of more than 15,000 and is taking a firmer grip on the followers of sports than any other periodical in the history of American magazines.

Our circulation figures are bona fide. No watering attached to these figures. In the past three months—we are in existence only six months—we have had on an average of less than 150 returns and most of these have been called for by subscribers.

Show us another magazine that can point to such record as THE RING? The American News Co., the greatest distributer of magazines in America, refused to handle THE RING when we started, yet now this concern is eager to obtain this privilege.

Why? You as an advertiser must know.

Because our book reaches the finest class of sportsmen, who digest every line of this clean, well written, interesting magazine. Our out-of-town orders for July trebled the order of two months ago, the total reaching 11,000. Our August orders reach 2000 beyond these figures. The demand is an exceptional one and shows we have made the greatest strides during the short period of our existence of any magazine in this country.

Advertise in THE RING. It will bring results.

The Lay of the Land

(*Continued from page* 6)

At last he speaks, as follows:

"I should love to see you make this a success," he says. "In fact, I would be glad to let you have your building loan on one condition," he continues. "Just run down to Topeka," he says, "and have the Legislature repeal the law forbidding boxing exhibitions in this State. Then come back and we'll talk business.

It takes me exactly eight hours to find out after that that the site I buy used to be the property of the Mayor and the Prosecuting Attorney.

So I am looking around for a few good boys who would appreciate a manager which would watch over them like a father and, in the mean time, if you hear of anyone which would like to buy some choice Kansas building lots, there is a fine chance for you to pick up some spending money in the way of commissions.

I'll take a dollar an acre, or what have you got?

Shadows of the Past—Battling Nelson

By FRANK COULTRY

OSCAR MATTHEW BATTLING NELSON, son of the Vikings, the Durable Dane, possessed ribs like the oak of the vessels in which his ancestors ranged the Seven Seas. Bat could take it like few other lightweight fighters in the history of the ring. The time comes to everyone, though, when the steady rat-a-tat of fist to jaw and body wears out the old machine.

The Battler at one time could take everything and come up smiling. There was never a more persistent fighter in the ring and his courage helped him almost as much as his physique in winning his way to the championship. He was the most discouraging fighter that ever stepped into a ring. Many a hopeful aspirant for the title wore himself out physically as well as mentally as he pounded away on the rugged Dane.

The time came, though, when Owen Moran, the flashy Briton, flattened him for the count. This was the only occasion on which Nelson was counted out. True, he lost his crown to Ad Wolgast, but that was on a foul.

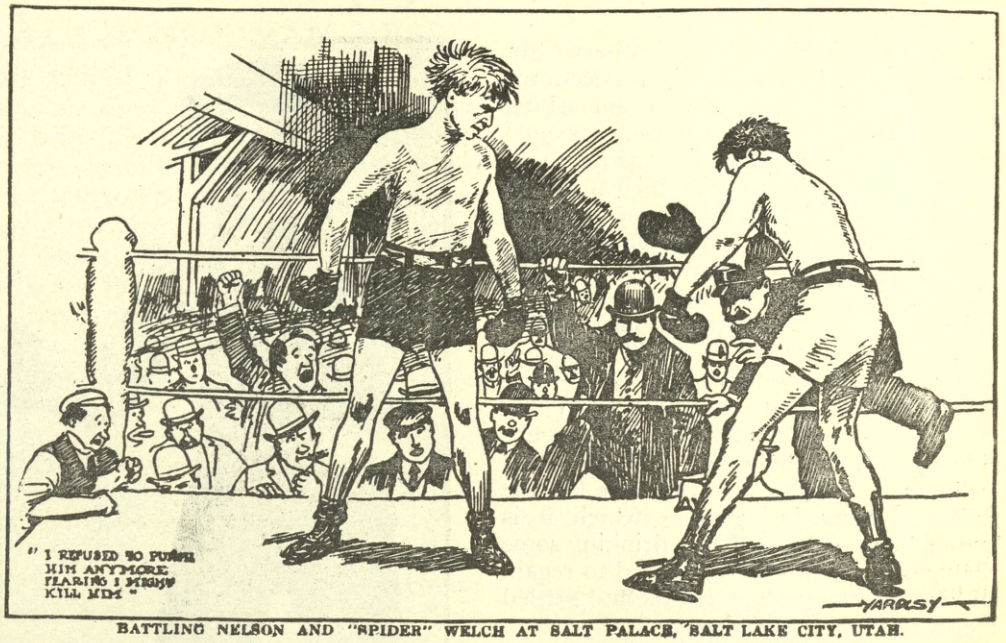
Nelson may not have been the smartest man who ever stepped into the ring, but he was not quite as dumb as many would make him. Bat was one of the greatest little press agents for himself that ever drew on a glove. He made a lot of money in his day and at one time owned quite a slice of the State of Illinois. Bat tried to be a financier and he met the fate of many a smarter man than he when he tried to beat Wall Street. He was knocked out.

Bat is not dead yet. He still has a "noodle" that works well enough to get him three squares a day, and so far we know we have not heard of him asking anyone to arrange a benefit for him. Bat showed that he had a sense of humor by getting married to a female cartoonist.

He also wrote a book, or, at any rate, he signed his name to it. Now he is following in the footsteps of William Jennings Bryan. He is a lecturer. As lecturers go, he might be worse. He is hardly a title holder in this line of endeavor, but the Battler could always spill a nifty line of chatter and he is getting away with it.

Bat was willing to tackle anything in his day as a fighter and now that the old mitts are packed away in the clothes chest he has turned his hand to the thing that was next best to his punching ability—his gift of the gab.

Bat has always come close to making good except in his matrimonial venture. Cupid counted him out in jig time and he has not yet asked for a return engagement.



BATTLING NELSON AND "SPIDER" WELCH AT SALT PALACE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Battling Nelson was of the slugging type yet he never was recognized as a terrific hitter. He won his battles through steady plugging. In most of his fights he followed the same system—one of pounding away at an opponent until his rival flopped, ofttimes from sheer exhaustion. Yet Nelson is credited with scoring the quickest knockout on record.

It was in a battle with Billy Rossler at Harvey, Ill., on April 5, 1902, that Nelson achieved this fame. The fight lasted only twelve seconds for at the end of that period Nelson's opponent was stretched on the canvas in a helpless condition. Two seconds after the men came to the center of the ring Nelson sent his left crashing to Rossler's jaw and the fight was over. The men did not shake hands when the gong sounded and this helped Bat score his record "K.O."

Important Notice to Readers of The Ring

The circulation of this magazine has jumped in leaps and bounds. THE RING, given to dealers on a fully returnable basis, has been sold out in each of the past three months. Many requests are coming to us for back numbers, particularly the March issue.

In order to meet just such an emergency, we placed two hundred of each number aside and these are almost gone. No copies of the March issue are any longer available. If you want to be sure to get your copy of THE RING subscribe now.

The subscription price of THE RING, beginning with the October number will be increased to $1.50 per year. Take advantage of the opportunity we give you now and get THE RING by mail for one year for only $1.00. No bigger bargain in the magazine field has ever been offered to the public.

THE RING is being sold in the biggest cities of this country, England, France and Cuba and judging by letters of commendation received, it is meeting a long felt need.

We have passed the 15,000 mark in net paid circulation and are rapidly heading toward the 25,000 figures. No water in these figures. Our books are open for inspection to all—especially to National Advertisers.

Harry Wills, a Credit to the Game

(*Continued from page* 10)

lor, Dartmouth her "Lonny" Shannon, Rutgers her Robeson or Harvard her Ned Gourdin?

Have any white boxers been a greater credit to the game than George Dixon, Joe Walcott or Peter Jackson? Did mixed matches engaged in by any of that trio of famous colored fighters ever occasion an iota of trouble?

We believe, as do the majority of other level headed citizens, that a Dempsey-Wills match would be for the best interests of sport, would produce one of the closest, fiercest and most scientifically waged contests in the annals of boxing and that the victor, be he black or white, would win recognition as one of the REAL champions of the ring.

Notable Cases of the "Dope" Alibi

By A. D. PHILLIPS

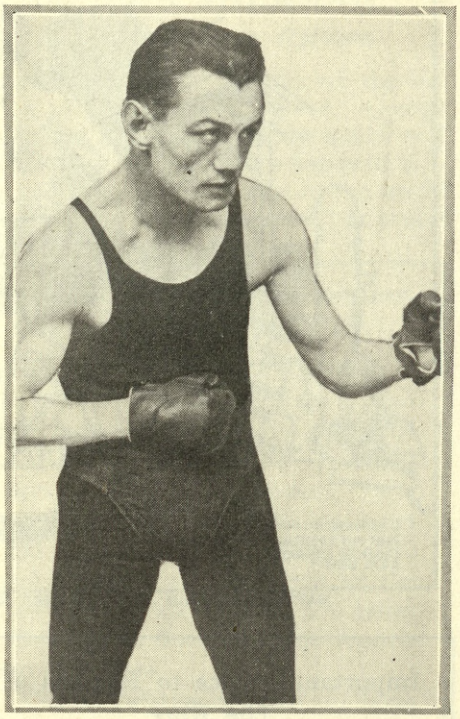
Eugene Criqui, French featherweight champion will soon arrive in this country for an extensive tour prior to embarking for Australia where he has been engaged to box three men next fall. Criqui, in an interview with the French correspondent of THE RING, insists that he was drugged on the night when he fought Fox recently in England, a contest in which Fox had all the better of the milling up to the time a drink of champagne put enough "kick" into Criqui's hands to enable him to knock out his opponent.

Throughout that contest up to the eventful round, Criqui's seconds were unable to fathom the reason for his sluggishness. Criqui seemed to lack all the skill and punching powers which it is known he possesses. After drinking some champagne, however, he seemed to regain all his stamina, rushed at Fox and settled the contest then and there.

Criqui's tale of being drugged calls to mind the fact that other champions have put forth that contention either after being defeated or when defeat stared them in the face. Billy Plimmer, the clever British boxer who fought Johnny Murphy a 25-round draw in New Orleans on September 24, 1894, asserted he was drugged several days before the battle. He announced on the day of the fight that some one tried to poison him while he was in training.

While speaking of Englishmen, it is worthy of notice that the greatest "dope" story in pugilism has an Englishman, McDonald by name, a great second, the perpetrator of a most dastardly crime. It was in the battle between John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy and King in England.

In the eighteenth round King was



ENGENE CRIQUI
European Featherweight Champion

knocked unconscious but there was so much betting on the contest that McDonald, who seconded Heenan but whose sympathies were with King, gave Heenan some water which contained a sickening drug. Heenan became dizzy and by this means it was possible to extend the rest between rounds and when the bout was resumed in the nineteenth canto, Heenan could scarcely stand on his feet. He fought this way until the end of the twenty-fourth round when he was seized with a vomiting spell and was unable to continue. He was poisoned and as a result of this scandal boxing received a black eye in England.

Then we have the famous alibi of Jim Jeffries who asserted he was drugged in the bout with Johnson. No doubt Jack drugged Jeffries but not with any medicinal aid. It was Johnson's two fists, combined with youth and hardiness brought about by a systematic and steady training system that "doped" Jeffries into helplessness at Reno, on July 4, 1910 in the fifteenth round.

Bob Fitzsimmons made a similar charge eleven years previously after his defeat in 'Frisco at the hands of Jim Jeffries. After the contest, Lanky Bob, who was fairly beaten, accused his brother-in-law Martin Julian of having drugged him in order to collect a big bet which he asserted Julian had placed on Jeffries. Fitz, to prove his assertion went with some friends to Julian, confronted him and shot the question:

"Wasn't I drugged?"

"Of course you were," was the snappy reply of Julian, whereupon Fitz threw his chest out and with a sigh of relief remarked:

"Well, I knew it. The truth has come out."

Before Fitz could say another word, Julian, with a sarcastic smile, repeated:

"You were doped all right, Bob, I'll tell the world."

"I'm glad you admit it then," snapped back Fitz, "Who did it and what did he do it with?"

"Why Jeffries did it and he did it with his left hand," sourly replied Julian, "and don't let anybody tell you otherwise."

This abruptly ended the conversation, for Fitz felt ashamed and immediately left for his hotel.

What's In a Name?

By JAY J. THOMAS

Since the day the Noble Roman used a
Nom de Plume cognomen,
Monickers fictitious have passed down
with every age;
And battlers have made history and not
a little mystery
By joining in a fashion that has since
become the rage.

Henry Pearce was called "Game
Chicken", many pugs he gave a lick-
ing,
While John L. "The Boston Strong
Boy" could knock splinters from an
Oak;
Frank Craig the "Coffee Cooler" had a
name that was a fooler
For 'tis rumored that the cooler was a
"smoke".

Next with reputation wider was Ike
Wier, the "Belfast Spider",
While the original Jack Dempsey was
called Nonpareil;
Billy Myers ("Cyclone") from Streater
was touted a world beater
Then Jack McAuliffe spanked him on
the spot that rung the bell.

George "Elbows" McFadden blocked
them where there was no paddin';
Joe Gans was the "Old Master" and
king of all his race;
Sam Langford the "Tar Baby" was some
walloper and maybe
Joe Wolcott "Barbarous Demon" could
set a dizzy pace.

Stanley Ketchel the "Assassin" kept the
undertakers passin'
Ad Wolgast the "Wildcat" from far
off Cadillac;
Billy Smith the "Mysterious" one was
also a fightin' son-of-a-gun,
And "One Round" Hogan won his
name while flat upon his back.

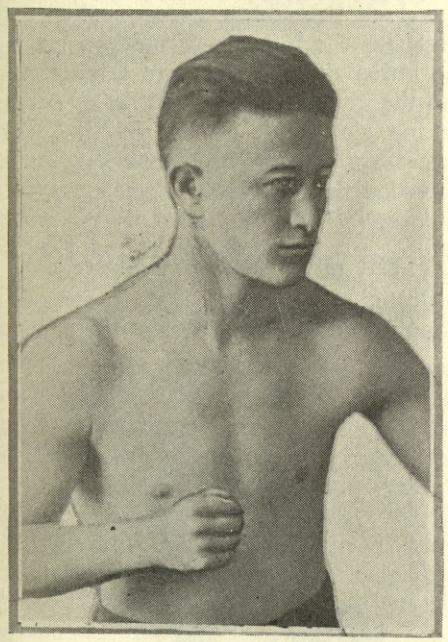
Benny Yanger "Tipton Slasher", "Ter-
rible Terry", "jaw-bone smasher",
George Lavigne the "Wonder Kid"
from Saginaw;
Harry Greb the "Human Windmill" and
the "Phantom" who won't stand
still
And Dempsey "Super-socker" with
"Iron Mike" in either paw.

When Jim Jeffries Balked at Becoming Tom Sharkey's Sparring Partner

By VERNON VAN NESS

EARLY last month while the ponies were running in the spring meeting at the Belmont race track who should pop into the paddock one day but a rotund gentleman all dolled up in a check suit, a pair of glasses swung over his shoulders and a floppy gray fedora on his head. And even the fedora couldn't disguise the well known facial layout of Tom Sharkey, nemesis of Jim Jeffries twenty-five years ago.

Tom has still something of the bloom of youth about him, though he has swung past middle life. He is a natty looking person these days as he always was outside of the ring. Tom follows the bang tails for glory and a living. Tom is well fixed. The Old Salt, for Tom was



Eddie Coulon, champion Tennessee bantam

a real sailor before he started in quest of the heavyweight boxing crown which he never got, always was inclined to be silent. Volubility was never one of his characteristics. Hence as he scanned the line of thoroughbreds in the Belmont paddock, it wasn't easy to draw Thomas into conversation on topics of the good old days.

However, Tom picked a winner in the first race and as he mentally counted the winnings, his nature warmed up a bit and he gradually popped back into the past. Tom isn't keen for the present day heavyweights, though he admits that Dempsey is an exception to his prejudices on that point. The contenders for Dempsey's crown, however, bring little but contempt from the old battler.

"Carpentier?" quizzed Tom. "Compare him to Fitzsimmons. Fitz would have murdered him in a hurry. Those old time fighting birds were tough customers, take it from me. But, when you come to look back, the human nature part of the fighters hasn't changed much. We had temperamental ginks in those days, too, just as you have 'em nowadays.

"Never knew that Jeff was temperamental, did you?" queried Tom.

"Yep, Jeff was a temperamental guy. You had to rub him just the right way or he'd balk and when he balked, good night! Jeff was a queer sort o' person. He had great likes and dislikes and he got 'em like a flash.

"I recall once, about 1896, when I was training out at the old Seal Rock House at San Francisco. I had been going along first rate, socking a few third raters on the chin, and Tim McGrath, my manager, brought me down to Frisco and put me up at the Seal Rock House to train, and incidentally draw in some easy coin at the gate.

"Says Tim to me when we first took up quarters there, 'I'll get you half a dozen husky longshoremen and you just let 'em have it quick. That'll bring the bugs out to watch you at four bits a throw'. So I socked the half dozen silly in a jiffy. They all quit. They wouldn't come back for more claimin' they weren't getting enough dough to make it worth while.

"So finally I ran out of training partners and I got tired punching the bag and told Tim to go out and grab off some great big gink that I could plaster but who wouldn't get scared every time I sent him into sleep land. Tim hustled about town and dug up a couple of big fellows but they wouldn't come back for the second dose. I finally had to carry 'em along but what I wanted was a fellow I could paste and who could take it.

"About this time Oakland Billy Gallagher and Billy Carkeek drifted in and began buzzing McGrath about a new fighter they had discovered. 'He's as big as the side of a livery stable', Carkeek told McGrath. 'He has a pair of hands on him like sugar cured shoulder hams. His arms are as long as flails and his shoulders as broad as the back of a hack. Coach him along and he'll be a wonder.'

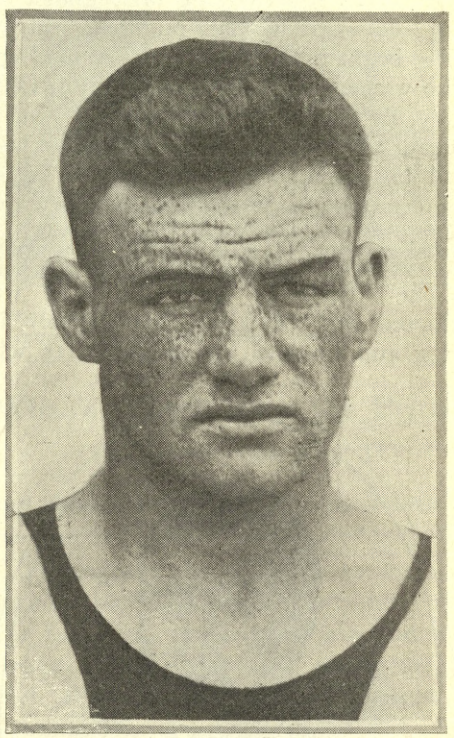
"'That's just the fellow I want', said McGrath. 'Send him out to the Seal Rock House and let him workout with Sharkey and I'll pay him as a sparring partner.'

"So it was agreed. Jeff drove out with Carkeek and Gallagher, but on the way Oakland Billy stops and takes more than is good for him and this got Jeff's goat. Right then and there Jeff took a dislike to Gallagher. McGrath and I saw the three drive up in the buggy. Jeff loomed up like a giant in the rig along side Carkeek and Gallagher.

"'He sure is big, Tom', says McGrath.

"Too big," says I.

"Gallagher got out of the buggy and started into the house. But Jeff reached over and took the reins and turned the horse around and with Carkeek arguing with him, drove on back to Frisco. It developed afterwards that Jeff was so sore at Gallagher that he wouldn't go

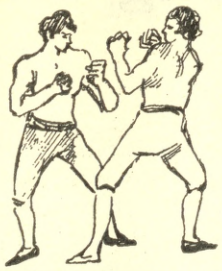


Bobby Barrett, hard hitting Pennsylvania lightweight who created sensation in bout with Lew Tendler

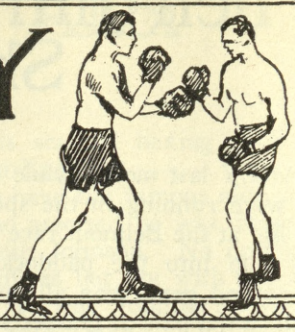
through with the proposition.

"Years afterward Bill Delaney and McGrath were discussing Jeff and Delaney said to him: 'I'm mighty glad Jeff didn't become Sharkey's sparring partner that time. Tom would probably have rocked him to sleep and broken his spirit and in that case I wouldn't have the champion of the world today'.

"Yes," I hollers, "and I wouldn't have a couple of fanned in ribs either. So, you see, being a bit temperamental and quick at likes and dislikes kept Jeff from losing his big chance. But these heavyweights nowadays, they don't amount to much, excepting Dempsey. He's a tough customer."



The HISTORY OF BOXING



The Beginning of Modern Boxing—Slack, the Originator of the Rabbit Punch

James Figg, First Champion

This is the Sixth of a Series on the History of Boxing

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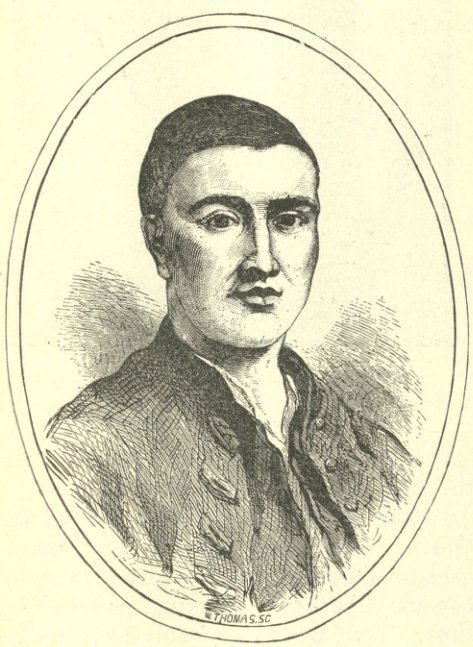
By NAT FLEISCHER

THE rise of boxing in England, the home of modern pugilism, did not begin until the time of James Figg, who was crowned first champion in 1719. Figg, as told in a previous article, was a master of boxing, cudgelling, parrying and the broadsword. Boxing being of the crudest at this stage, the elements of roughness which characterized the old time wrestling, predominated.

The system of give and take was adopted and practised considerably by Figg and the men he taught. He who



GEORGE TAYLOR.

could hit the hardest was the recipient of high favors among his fellow men.

Figg's name spread like wildfire after he opened his Great Til'd Booth at the Bowling Green of Southwark, and to this place flocked the royal and noble personages who supported the sciences taught there. Figg's name often was found in the leading publications of the time, the Guardian, Craftsman and Tatler, and among his friends he had the nobility of England.

Figg, however, was not without a rival. In Sutton, the Gravesend Pipemaker, he had an antagonist who insisted on giving the champion battle three times before Figg proved his right to rule.

Figg led the field until 1730 and on December 8, 1734, he died. Only three boxers of this period claim our notice in addition to Figg, and they are Bob Whittaker, Tom Pipes and George Greeting, 1724-1734.

Taylor Leads Field

On the decease of Figg the supporters of pugilism seemed to have cooled in their ardor, and even the amphitheatre, which thrived, became very poorly attended. For four years George Taylor became the leading figure in boxing and the immediate successor to the great Figg. Taylor was a strong, good natured and humorous individual. The description of him given in the books of his day is:—

"A strong, able pugilist, but shifty and deficient in bottom. He was exceptionally skillful in the cross-buttock fall and was clever in the hanging guard and backsword. In all his advertisements he asked that champions of all kinds come to his booth to display their skill in self-defence.

Among the great patrons of the sport who was a frequent visitor to Taylor's booth was Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third. Taylor, after a successful career, died in December, 1758, as the result of a shock caused by his defeat by Faulkner, a master cricketer and boxer. Twice Faulkner failed, but the third bout, in which he forced Taylor out of retirement, brought to Faulkner the title.

There was a lapse of about ten years between the death of Figg and the rise of a high class, great fighter. This man was Jack Broughton, recognized in fistic circles as the founder of modern boxing, the father of the first set of boxing rules and the inventor of the first set of padded boxing gloves for use in practice. The successor of Figg in popularity, he far exceeded that stalwart cudgeller in fistic science.

Hit and Get Away System

Broughton was the first to introduce stopping and barring blows, then hitting

JACK SLACK, OF BRISTOL, THE CONQUEROR OF BROUGHTON

and getting away. Before him all boxing consisted of toe-to-toe work, of downright hammering. His boxing gained him many admirers and his excellent manners and temper made him a favorite among England's nobility. He was intelligent and full of wit, and died at the good old age of eighty-five years.

(*Continued on page* 17)

In that era fighting was a banned sport in England, and virtually all of it was

On the eve of the battle Broughton, who considered himself so far superior to his opponent that he had refused to train, handed over to Slack a gift of 200 guineas not to back out of the match. On the day of the fight Broughton, far from being in condition, was heavily supported by the Duke and other admirers.

In the first round he had the advantage, but soon after several terrific blows blinded him. He floundered about the ring in search of Slack, while the Duke went wild with rage.

At length the Duke exclaimed:—

"Why, Broughton, what are you about? You can't fight; you're beat."

To which Broughton replied:—

"No. I can't see my man; he's blinded me. Your Highness, I'm blind, but not beat. Only let me see my man and he shall not see the day."

That fight cost Broughton the loss of a fortune and the loss of the support of his benefactor, the Duke of Cumberland, who almost lost his all on the fight, £10,000 pounds. Broughton then retired.

Rabbit Punch Introduced

With the death of Broughton boxing suffered considerably. Many years elapsed before another champion worthy of the name was crowned. Slack, Broughton's conqueror, ruled from 1750 to 1760.

Historians give Slack credit for introducing to boxing the "chopper," a blow he frequently made use of. The "chopper" was the equivalent of the dangerous "rabbit punch," a blow behind the ear. It has a paralyzing effect and invariably, if delivered several times in succession, renders an opponent almost helpless by paralyzing the nerves of the neck thereby preparing the way for his defeat.

The greatest exponent of this blow in modern history is Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, who used the punch twice in his bout with Billy Miske on Labor Day, 1920, before battering him into submission in the third round; on Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden in December of that same year, when he knocked Brennan out in the eleventh round, and twice on Georges Carpentier in Jersey City on July 2, 1921, when he sent the Frenchman into dreamland in the fourth round.

Both Brennan and Carpentier, interviewed after that bout with Dempsey and asked what blow hurt most and prepared the way for their downfall, remarked that it was the "rabbit punch."

Slack had a ponderous arm and a sledge-hammer effect in his punches. He gained numerous victories during the early days of his championship, his victories being due largely to lack of fear.

It is worthy of notice that, as in the downfall of Broughton and the crowning of Slack, royalty figured when Slack lost his title. The Duke of Cumberland backed Slack against Bill Stevens, the Nailer, and, as in the case of Broughton, the boxing world was astonished when the Nailer came through with the championship.

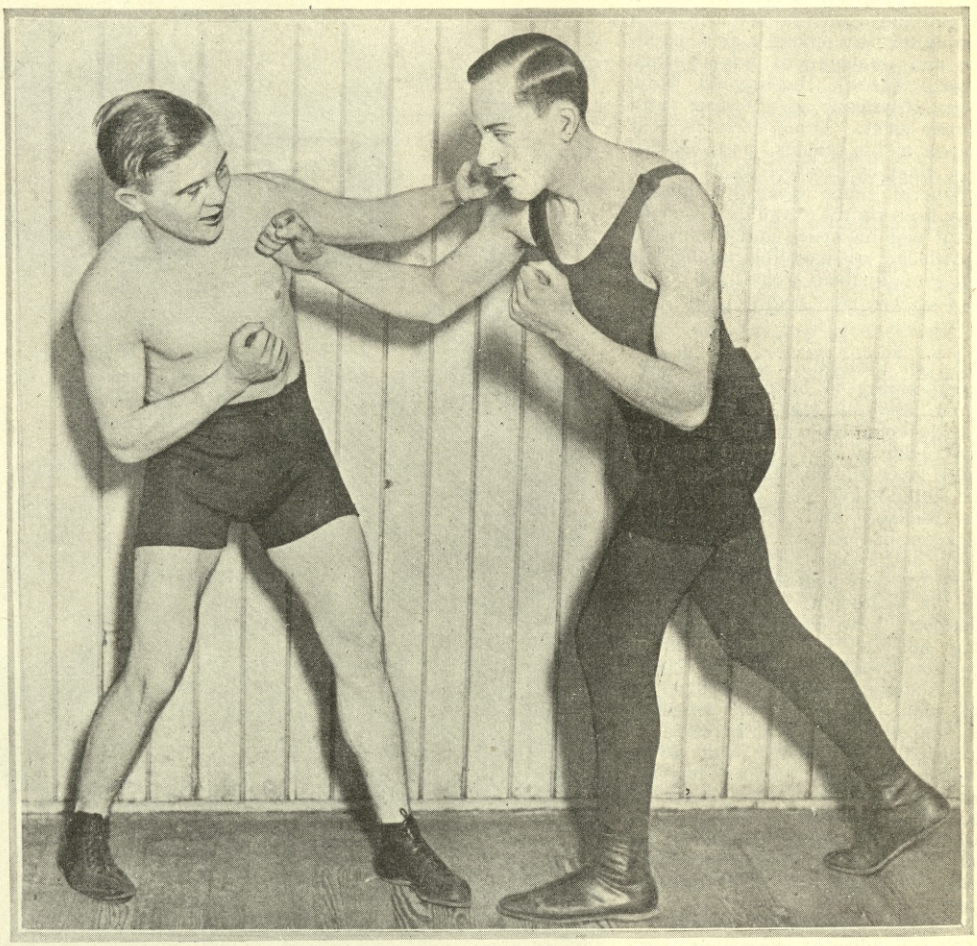
Slack then quit the profession of boxing and again opened a butcher shop. The Duke of Cumberland, peeved and disgusted at twice losing a fortune through backing Broughton and Slack, quit the field of boxing and never again was heard of.

Slack evened matters with Stevens by backing George Meggs to fight the new title holder, and that battle, which took place on March 2, 1761, resulted in a seventeen-minute victory for the challenger.

Slack, in order to avenge his defeat at the hands of Stevens, bribed the latter with fifty guineas to throw the battle, and this he did. As a result, both Slack and Meggs were shunned by the sporting fraternity, and boxing for a period of twenty years was in disrepute.

This "fake" fight temporarily checked the progress of pugilism, until the arrival on the scene of Tom Johnson, whose real name was Thomas Jackling.

HOPES TO EQUAL BROTHER'S RECORD



Joe Leonard (right), who made his professional debut at New York Velodrome in preliminary to Benny Leonard-Jack Britton fight. Joe is a lightweight. He is here shown in training with Midget Smith

What's Wrong With the British?

(*Continued from page* 11)

ing practical strangers, keeps a man on his toes and gives him an added incentive.

In England the tendency to-day is to group athletics, to run cross-country runs for fun. No one tries to win and hundreds of men jog over the roads for general development with no thought of winning prizes.

So with boxing, there is nothing special to induce an average youth to climb to the top. Big purses are few and far between. The few ambitious ones who have America for a goal often fall by the wayside because they haven't enough money or backing to continue.

Men who accepted without complaint a rotten election system and poor tax laws wouldn't be likely to go out of their way to fight.

He agreed and as we started on machine gun inspection we were in thorough accord with the idea that perhaps the war, which changed the British political and economic conceptions, also might have a definite effect on her fighters of the future.

But it has yet to be seen.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST HANDLER OF BOXERS WHO

"Doc" Bagley—No individual in the boxing game is better known throughout the country as a handler and manager of boxers than Frank (Doc) Bagley of New York, formerly of Denver and points west. "Doc", as he is best known to his friends, is considered in a class by himself as a second.

Several times when his boxers have been on the verge of a knockout it was his speed and wonderful knowledge of handling an athlete that brought them around and ready to start the next round fresh as a daisy.

* * *

As an illustration of his exceptional ability in bringing his men to the front, it may be said without question that in the past five years Bagley has earned for his stable over $1,000,000, the stars of the stable being Gene Tunney, Willie Jackson and Augie Ratner. Jackson has earned over $400,000 alone and holds the distinction of being the only man to have knocked out the wonder of the age, Johnny Dundee. Lew Tendler is another who suffered from the punch of Jackson's wallop. The boys fought in Philadelphia and Jackson dropped his man. Many at the ringside, holding watches on the knockdown, declared that Tendler was down fourteen seconds. Jackson has not been at his best recently, due to unpleasant family troubles and a broken right hand, injured in his last bout with Sid Marks, but hopes soon to regain his true fighting form.

* * *

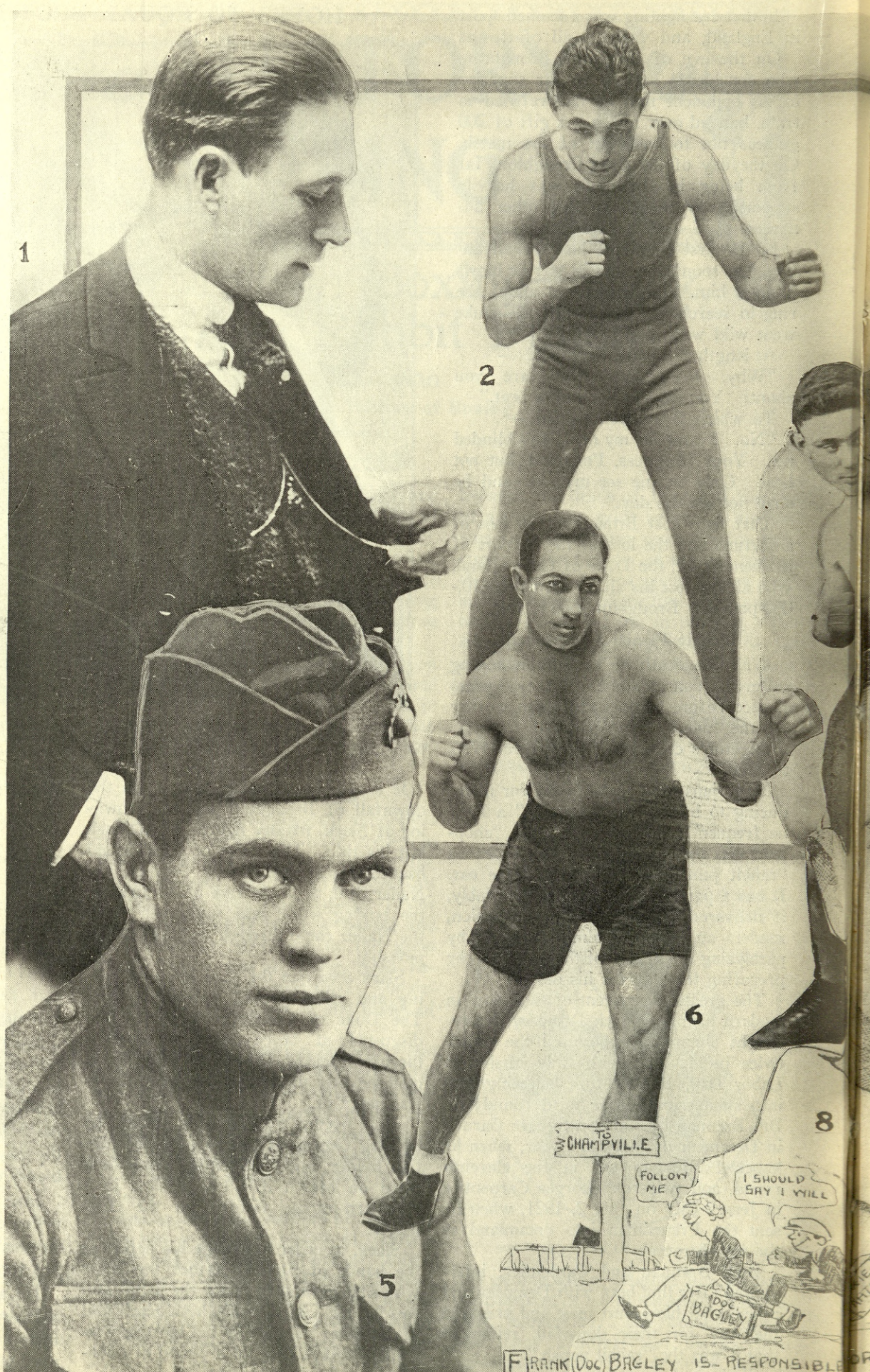
As a handler of champions there are few the equal of the elongated Bagley. There is hardly a title contest that Bagley's services are not asked for. He was chief second for Pete Herman when the New Orleans bantam won his title back from Joe Lynch. He handled Gene Tunney when the latter won the light heavyweight title from Battling Levinsky. Matt Wells, who was English lightweight champion at the time he boxed Knockout Brown in Madison Square Garden in the first contest under the New York Frawley Law, also was handled by Bagley. Wells then won the popular verdict. Danny Frush and Leach Cross are two other first class men "Doc" has handled.

* * *

Many close followers of the game figure that Bagley matched Tunney too soon with Greb when Gene lost his title, but Bagley drew down $18,000 for his man, and has been begging for a return match which may be put on in Madison Square Garden this Fall. Tunney was troubled with bad hands during the Greb fight and battled with rare courage to the end. Greb won the decision, but Tunney won thousands of friends by his game stand.

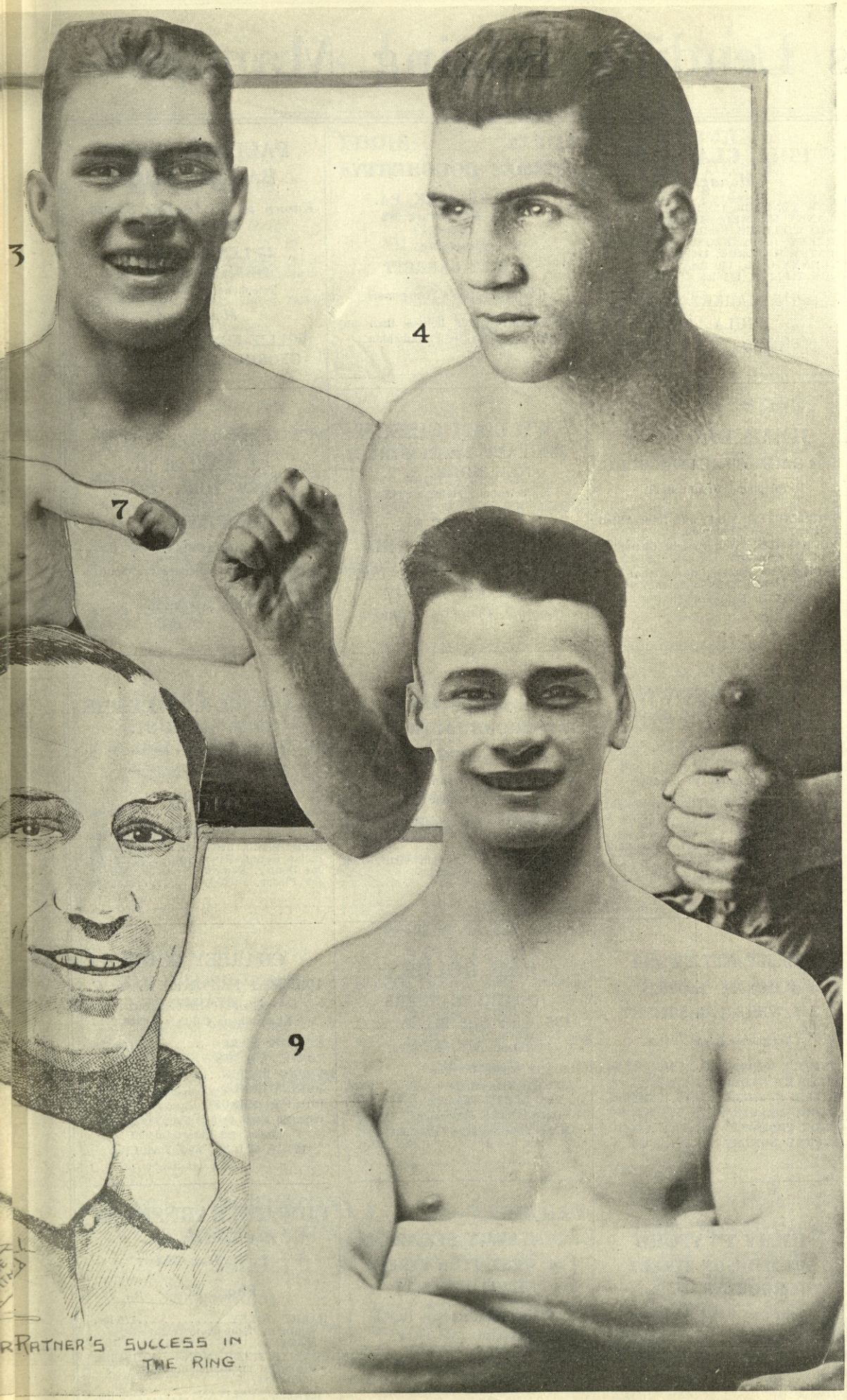
* * *

Gene Tunney is the star of the Bagley stable. He recently lost the light heavyweight championship to Harry Greb which he had previously won from Battling Levinsky. Losing the decision to Greb in fifteen rounds lost him the title, but Gene made a host of admirers by the good game fight he made. Tun-



1. *"Doc" Bagley*
2. *Willie Jackson*
3. *Gene Tunney*
4. *Willie Herman*
5. *Gene Tunn*
6. *Augie Rat*

BOYS HAVE GAINED WORLD WIDE RECOGNITION



Marine Uniform

7. *Battling Leonard*
8. *Augie Ratner*

9. *Kid Sullivan*

ney won the title like a real champion and expects to bring it back home if Greb will meet him again. Gene is one of the cleanest boxers in the game, a thorough gentleman with a pleasing personality and a real credit to the boxing game.

* * *

Willie Jackson—one of the leading lightweights in the boxing game for the past ten years, is next in line to Benny Leonard as a money-maker. Willie's best asset is his right hand. He is the only man to have knocked out Johnny Dundee and Lew Tendler, but in the latter case he was not given credit for the K. O. Jackson has been one of the biggest cards in Madison Square Garden the past two seasons, his fight with Charley White, when he lost the decision, being the most sensational battle in the Garden since Tex Rickard took charge of the famous amphitheatre.

* * *

Augie Ratner, middleweight, started his career in the amateur ranks, winning both the welter and middleweight titles before turning professional. Augie went to Europe to fight for Uncle Sam and while there was a lull in the trenches, found time to win the King's Trophy and the Allied Championship in the middleweight class. Ratner beat Tom Reilly in Dublin, Ireland and defies Mike McTigue to take it away from him. Augie has beaten and knocked out Italian Joe Gans, Jack Delaney and other good men, including Ted Lewis.

* * *

Harry (Battling) Leonard is one of the best speed merchants in the featherweight class developed in the East in the past few years. His most notable victories by the knock-out route are over Sammy Nable, 11 rounds; Indian Russell, 4 rounds; Joe Dillon, 3 rounds; Mike Ertle, 4 rounds and numerous other lesser lights. He holds popular decisions over Memphis Pal Moore and Kid Williams, giving away five pounds to the latter. Bagley is planning an extensive campaign for the youngster this Fall and hopes to wind up with a shot at the title.

* * *

Willie Herman stepped into the front ranks of the lightweight division when he took the fast California Joe Benjamin into camp some months ago in Jersey. Herman can sock and is an exceptionally good ring general. Mel Coogan and Jimmy Murphy of Philadelphia, are two boys Willie took the measure of recently. Herman promises to come through for the big money before the Winter is over.

* * *

Jimmy Sullivan is another of the Bagley stable produced from the amateur ranks. James dragged down the lightweight title for the United States five years ago, and has been going strong ever since. Bobby Barrett, who recently fought Lew Tendler, was knocked out by Sullivan in three rounds, also Joe Jackson in three rounds; Tim Droney, five rounds and fourteen others. A few of his victories include the names of Frankie Schoell of Buffalo, Nat Lewis, Barney Adair and Johnny Clinton.

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One-Minute RESTS Between Rounds

By UPPERCUT

The New York Velodrome has opened with a bang as a summer boxing arena. The Leonard-Britton match drew $131,000 and the Lynch-Buff bout, when the bantam title changed hands, drew $41,000.

For the first time in the history of the boxing game a challenger went into the ring an 8 to 5 favorite when Joe Lynch met Buff. Dempsey was even money against Willard the day of the contest in Toledo and Benny Leonard was 7 to 5 over Freddie Welsh in New York in a no-decision contest when Leonard won the title.

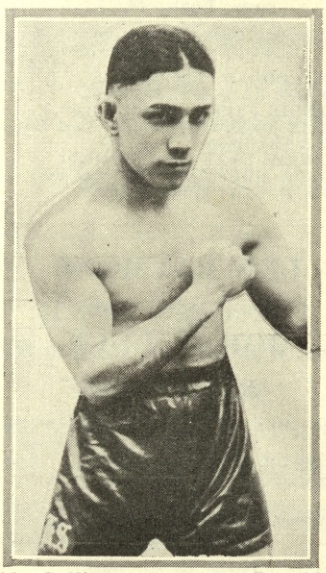
The Buff-Lynch bout was as one-sided as the Dundee-Sharkey match in Brooklyn. Lynch never left the result in doubt and could have ended the bout earlier, but was satisfied to take things easy and make sure of it. When Buff was sent to the mat in the fourteenth round chief second Doc Bagley tossed in the towel.

The new bantamweight champion will start again in a few weeks taking on about four no-decision bouts until the winter season opens up in the East. Joe Burman, Sammy Mandell and Pal Moore have been mention as opponents for the champ in a Madison Square Garden bout.

Lynch lost $9,100 on the fight. He took 50 per cent of the gate and guaranteed Buff $30,000 if the latter lost the title. If Buff won he was to get 40 per cent and Lynch 10 per cent.

Jack Wolfe, of Cleveland, made the biggest hit in years when he lost to Frankie Jerome in the semi-final of twelve rounds to the Lynch-Buff match. Wolfe had his ups and downs. He hit the canvas nine times, but was there at the end forcing Jerome to break ground. Wolfe's great battle earned him a wild ovation when he left the ring.

Charley McKenna, national amateur heavyweight champion, has turned professional and has signed a five-year contract with Ike Dorgan. McKenna won all of his twenty-three fights since entering the amateur ranks a year ago. He is the best-looking prospect the East has produced in years. Jimmy De Forrest, who trained Dempsey at Toledo, is schooling McKenna.



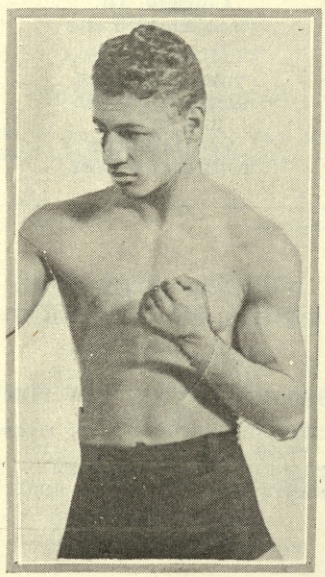
Kid Sullivan, veteran Brooklyn featherweight

Billy McCarney says that Sam Langford is the only fighter in the business who could tell what round a contest was going to end. Promoters were taking pictures of a Langford-Porky Flynn match and were short of films. Sam asked them how much they had and when told enough for eight rounds said, "Tha's plenty." The fight ended in the eighth.

Danny Lee will make the top-notch bantams step this winter. Danny has had thirty-five bouts, losing one decision, and that to Frankie Jerome in New York. He met Willie Spencer at Coney Island on August 4th. Lee has scored twenty-two knockouts.

Willard Stewart, manager of Eddie O'Dowd, is up in arms protesting against the reports sent out that Eddie was stopped by Carl Tremaine. Stewart claims the pair have never met and that Phil O'Dowd is the boy stopped by the Cleveland bearcat.

Danny Frush and Johnny Dundee will meet at Ebbet's Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 14, in a fifteen-round bout at 126 pounds. Frush is a good straight puncher and has a good chance to beat the 130-pound champion.



Danny Kramer, Quaker City bantam with a fine record

Joe Barrett, of Harrisburg, manager of Indian Russell, wants a match for the flyweight title at 112 pounds. Joe says Buff weighed 119 pounds in Jersey when Buff beat Russell, the latter weighing 109 pounds. Beating Frankie Mason at catchweights does not give Buff the right to claim the title, says Barrett.

Charley White has posted $2,500 with the New York State Boxing Commission as a forfeit to meet Benny Leonard for the title. Benny has met Britton and Kansas four times each and Dundee a dozen times, but White only once, when he was knocked through the ropes and losing every round until he floored White stepping out of a clinch. The public will demand another match and it will be interesting to learn what excuse the champion will make if he refuses.

Jack Stark, New York featherweight and former amateur champion, added three more wins to his list last month since turning "pro." This makes a total of fifteen victories in a year. Stark is a classy-looking kid and has a big following in Gotham.

Doc Bagley, recognized as one of the best seconds in the country, backed Buff against Lynch to the extent of $500. The manager of Willie Jackson and Gene Tunney broke even, however, for he received that amount for his night's work.

During the contest Lynch's friends started to shout "one, two, three" and so on every time Joe landed his left. When they reached fourteen one rooter yelled in stentorian tones, "Bank the last one, Joe!" Later on another was heard to remark, "Buff catching for Jersey City."

The National Sports Alliance held a banquet at Jimmy Kelly's Spaghetti Emporium on Sullivan Street last month. The feature was Harry Lenny's great eating powers. Harry consumed over 2346 feet of the paste fruit and when the Jazz band played "Home, Sweet Home" Harry turned to Silvey Burns, his side kick, and said: "Let's go to Hitchcock's for some ham and."

Tommy Noble, the English champion and Pepper Martin would make a corking good attraction for some of the out door clubs. Their last meeting was surely the most sensational contest held in the Garden for many moons. Noble knocked out Criqui, the French champion, in 19 rounds.

There may be a revival of professional boxing in Halifax in the late summer or early fall. The game was going well there, and some shows of calibre staged, but the cupidity of one Russ Leighton in gypping boxers and hoodwinking the fans into paying big league prices for poor shows, resulted in the banning of the sport by the civic officials. The climax was when Leighton gypped Mike McTigue and there followed a street fracas, in which Leighton was badly mussed by Vic McLaughlin, Mike's sparring partner, although Leighton posed as a pug and weighed about sixty-five pounds more than McLaughlin. Birds of this stamp are a detriment to boxing, and yet they will continue to foist themselves on the sport until they are virtually kicked out. And make their suspension permanent.

Frankie Burns, the Pacific Coast welterweight and former crack lightweight, who hails from Oakland, Cal., and has boxed in Seattle and elsewhere in the northwest, will be pleased to know that a pug has been floating about eastern Canada posing as the Pacific Coast Frankie Burns. The impostor's name is Burns and there the similarity ends but the impostor is gratifying his ambition to be known as a pug.

Bobby Michaels Lost On Foul

Through a typographical error last month a statement was made in The Ring to the effect that Bobby Michaels, the New York boxer, defeated Frankie Burns, of the Coast at Oakland, Cal., in three rounds. The statement should have read: "Burns beat Michaels, the referee awarding him the decision when Michaels hit low."

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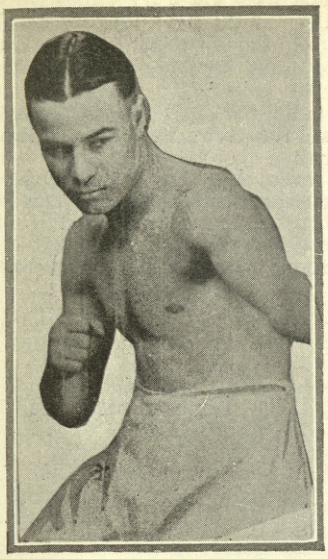


Carl Tremaine, Cleveland's crack featherweight, whose recent showing in Madison Square Garden was acclaimed by all

Fistic Doings In Pittsburgh

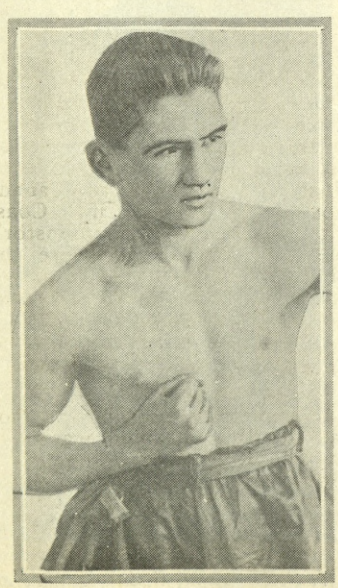
By RICHARD GUY
Sporting Editor, Pittsburgh Leader

Harry Greb fought his first fight after taking the title of lightheavyweight champion from Gene Tunney here a few weeks ago when he beat Hugh Walker of Kansas City in ten rounds. Walker gave him a good fight, and made Greb step along all the way to keep the upper hand, for Hugh socked the new champion on the chin in the first round and sent him reeling along the ropes.

Walker surprised the talent here, which had expected to see a soft thing in the Kansas City man. Instead, they looked at a sturdy, courageous and willing battler.

Greb had to fight like a champion to win; which he did in fine style.

The Greb-Walker fight was held under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Boxing Club, a new organization, which has Jimmy Conrad as its matchmaker. The boxing public hereabouts has confidence in the new club and Conrad, and great things are expected of it.



Frankie Jerome, Bronx bantam, who aspires to title held by Joe Lynch

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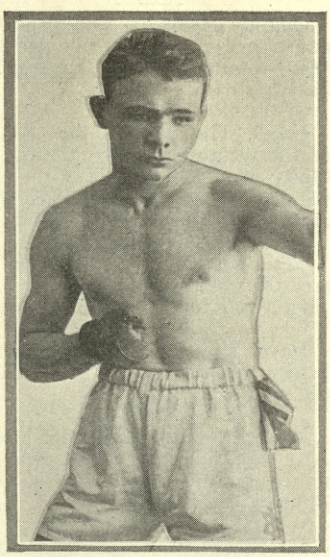
Conrad wants to match Charley White and Rocky Kansas for a big open air show here. Both have appeared in Pittsburgh and the fans are eager to have them matched for a 10-round contest. Conrad aims at having only high class talent appear before his club.

George Engel, while here with Greb, expressed his regret at Georges Carpentier not coming back to the United States to meet Greb. Engel declares Greb would mess up the Frenchman just like he has done all other opponents. "He would cuff his ears and slam him all around the ring," is the way Engel puts it.

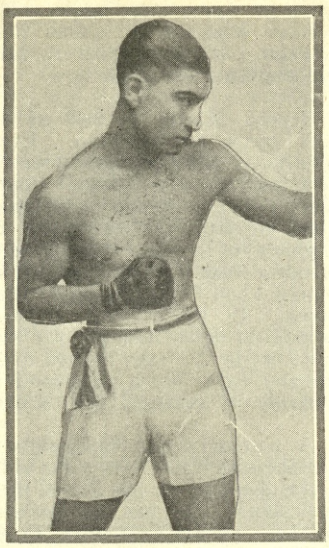
Jack Perry stopped off here from Columbus en route back to Buffalo. He had just gained the referee's decision over Anthony Downey after 12 rounds of fighting. Perry said he wanted Jack Britton to beat Benny Leonard, for he still thinks he can whip Britton, and if Jack should have lost his title to Benny, Perry was afraid Leonard might decline to fight him.



Wildcat Nelson, a New York boxer who is making rapid strides

Patsy Scanlon beat Chalky Mimler the other night, which was very gratifying to Scanlon's friends. When he is in the proper fighting shape Scanlon is a clever boxer and able ring general. He was all that upon this occasion, and he need be, too, for Wimler is no mean opponent.

Billy Mahoney is a bantam from the North Side who has been clamoring for matches with all the top notchers hereabouts. He had his chance recently when he encountered Mike Moran, the tearing-in Wop from Mt. Washington. Mike landed so hard and often to the stomach that Mahoney was through in three rounds. Patsy Brannigan, the veteran who was in Mahoney's corner, tossed the towel into the ring in disgust.



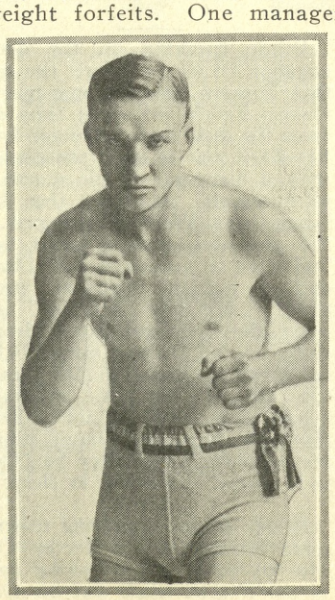
Packy O'Gatty, a New York featherweight with a good record

Moran and Tony Ross, a light featherweight from Carnegie, the home of Hans Wagner, are two of the most promising fighters in this section. Ross met Harry Haggerty, a tough boy, recently and gave him a good lacing. Ross is not as far advanced in the game as Moran, but he should make rapid strides.

Jimmy Dunn brought Al Corbett over from Cleveland recently and Corbett handed Brickey Ryan a whipping. Corbett was a few ounces overweight and Ryan's manager collected a $100 forfeit, after much wrangling.

The Boxing Commission has rescinded the practice of the time keeper tolling off the count when a boxer in a preliminary bout is on the floor. It was deemed impractical. It survived one show only.

The Commission has decided that hereafter it shall hold all weight forfeits. One manager by his tactics has brought about the stand of the commission.



Andy Chaney, a featherweght who hails from a fighting family. He ranks among the greatest

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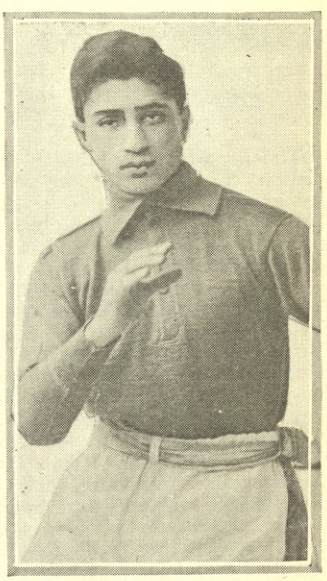
The only topic of conversation fight fans here seem to indulge in these hot days are: Will Dempsey whip Wills, and how would Greb shape up with Dempsey? They don't know what the champion would do against Wills, but they believe Greb would outpoint Dempsey in eight or ten rounds.

In Limelight in Detroit

They have a lightweight in Detroit who has the makings of a champion in Sid Barbarian, a swarthy Armenian. His manager, Sammy Perlstein, writes to THE RING for some recognition, considering his worthy battles with Rocky Kansas, Pete Hartley, Pinkey Mitchell and Tony Zill among others. Perlstein makes no bones of the fact that he is anxious to pit his charge against champion Benny Leonard.

Detroit boxing enthusiasts have gone completely daffy over Barbarian, and should he ever be matched with "Bennah" they will go miles to see their idol battle the champ. He is as popular in that city as Benny is in New York, the Mitchell brothers in Milwaukee, Kansas in Buffalo and Lew Tendler in Philadelphia.



Benny Valger, the French Flash, hot on trail of Johnny Kilbane and Johnny Dundee. Valger is now being managed by Walter Fields

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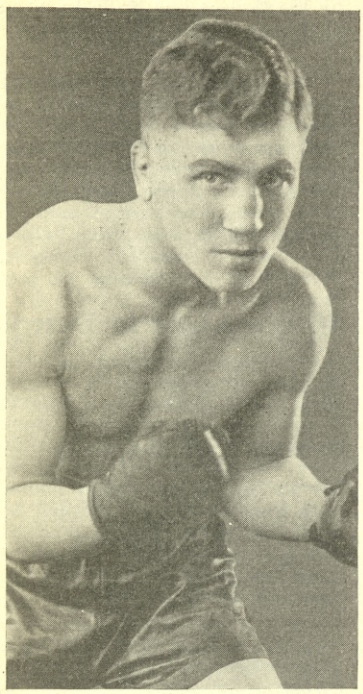
Perlstein says that he intends to bring his Armenian scrapper to New York and satisfy the critical fans here that he deserves a crack at the title. He'll box anybody in the 135-pound division, preferably Willie Jackson and Charley White, before tackling Leonard.

Detroit fans have voted THE RING the best ever. Mr. Goldberg, owner of the Bagley News Company, which has exclusive rights for the sale of THE RING, in May ordered 50 books and sold them. He obtained 350 in June and cashed in for all. In July he asked for 400 and has increased his August call to 500. Who said Detroit wasn't a real, live up-to-the-minute fighting city?



Harry London, the Russian Cossack, who is doing creditable work in N. Y.

Brooklyn News

By PETE STONE

The Broadway Exhibition Association enjoys the distinction of being one of the best clubs in Brooklyn. It is nothing unusual to see the arena packed to the doors. During the past season such stars as Johnny Dundee, Lew Tendler, Joe Lynch, Sammy Seiger, Pepper Martin, Abe Goldy, Harvey Bright, Italian Joe Gans, Bert Colima, Jack Delney, Augie Ratner, Dave Rosenberg, Jack Sharkey, Soldier Bartfield, Andy Chaney, Sammy Noble, Joe Tiplitz, Babe Herman, Phil Krug, Bobby Michaels, Kid Williams, Dick Griffen, Willie Spencer, Bert Spencer, Charlie Beecher, Phil Bloom, Pete Hartley, Kid Sullivan and Eddie Brady have appeared at this popular arena.

Mickey Nelson, the diminutive Chinatown flyweight, is peeved because some of the leading men in his class refuse to get into the same ring with him. Nelson is a real fighter and it is too bad he is so handicapped in weight and size. He is one of the smallest mittslingers in the game. Mickey scales around 105 pounds and has to give away much weight to his opponents in order to keep busy.

Sammy Sieger, the East Side featherweight and one of the leading men in that division, is finding it a hard time to get the star feathers to take a chance with him. There is one however who does not fear him as he has already met him on three occasions. He is Tommy Noble the English featherweight. He held Sammy to two draws and lost a close decision to Sieger the last time out.

Dave Rosenberg who has appeared several times in the garden is one tough bird. Davy never gets marked up after a battle. He has fought them all and during his short but meteoric career lost but one decision and that was when he was a mere novice. The verdict went to the great Mike Gibbons. It is doubtful if Mike can duplicate this trick now.

Pepper Martin is one of the best cards in Brooklyn. Every time he is billed the promoter can rest assured of a sellout. Pepper has a lot of personality and always gives the fans what they crave for—plenty of action. Seldom does it occur that a knockdown is not scored when Pepper is inside those ropes. If it isn't his opponent who goes down it is Pepper himself, but he manages always to get up and fight like a tiger and invariably is returned the winner.

A promising lightweight in Brooklyn is Nick Foley. He is but a youngster yet he has scored many knockouts. He has the makings of one of the best men in the Division headed by Benny Leonard if properly handled. He is tall and has the build of a middleweight above the waistline. And how he can punch! Keep an eye on this yougster as he will be heard from!

Other promising lads who have sprung up during the past season in Brooklyn rings are, Sonny Smith, Hilly Levine, Billy Ryckoff, Joey Silvers, Nat Pincus, Al Berman, Harry Galfund, Marty Silvers, Billy Henry, Johnny Gray, Nat Levine, Danny Ross, Jimmy Reese, Happy Gorman and Sid Terris.

A fistic classic the fans are waiting for is a fifteen rounder featuring Johnny Dundee, the famous Scotch Wop and Danny Frush. This match is a "Lily" both from a fighting and Box Office standpoint. Although many promoters are after this pugilistic treat it appears that Frank Flourney will land it for the Veldrome.

Joe Leonard is on his way home from Juarez, Mexico, where he won the featherweight championship of the Southwest in the Juarez Bull ring over Danny Nunes on a foul in thirteen rounds. The Brooklyn featherweight is taking along the belt he won and part of the belt he got at the dough.

While speaking on the dough question let us not forget the wire that Tommy McGinty, manager of Danny Frush got some time ago from the little dark promoter from Brooklyn who is quite conspicuous with a big cigar in his mouth at all intervals. It seems that McGinty, was Western Unioned by the promoter what a great fight and what an enormous gate Danny and a certain opponent would draw. McGinty accepted, and when the smoke of battle cleared the count up showed some $10,000 in Mexican pesos in the house. On top of this gate calamity, Frush came within an ace of being flattened. However, Danny stowed his opponent away after he (Danny) nearly was lulled to sleep.

Silvey Burns is playing to some good houses over in Jersey City. He has built up the boxing game in the Skeeter state and his Oakland AA Stadium is going along in great style. Good battles have brought the Jersey Club back into the limelight. Resurrecting broken-down fight clubs seems to be a mania with Silvey.

Bobby Michaels, the elongated lightweight, will shortly return home from the Coast. Bobby has been flattening opponents with clock-work regularity out west and his opponents are tickled to see him go home.

Mike Kelly, who handles a big stable of boxers, will bid adieu to the glove game. Mickey is going with one of Hurtig and Seamon's shows as a blackface comedian. Mickey's first appearance on the footlights in the vicinity of the Roaring Forties will mean a stampede to the stage door by his fight cronies.

Johnny Dundee has been flooded with offers from Omaha, Neb., Houston, Texas, Denver, Colo. The promoters have made the Junior lightweight champion many flattering offers.

Pee Wee Kaiser from St. Louis is one of the best boys in the bantam class produced from the west in years.

Tommy Ryan of McKeesport is going great. He has boxed the best bantams in his section and has held his own.

Hugh Hutchinson, the Scotch featherweight, if given the opportunity would hold his own with the best of them! He has class and a good punch.

Pete Hartley, who has won his last three fights, always gives the fans a run for their money.

Dave Shade, the busiest boxer in the world, has five bouts on in the month of August.

Willie Lewis' great little boxer, Abe Goldstein, has gone away to the country to rest for a busy campaign this fall.

Jack McAuliffe, the retired lightweight champion, has taken Joe Beckett, the English heavy under his wing, and would like to show here with Bill Brennan or Jess Willard. McAuliffe is angling for a contest in the Garden for next Fall.

Eddie O'Dowd, the Columbus bantam who showed here last Fall, is rapidly developing into an ace.

Billy Roche, who handles the National Guard boxers in New York State is doing good work. He is producing good boys in all Divisions.

Frank Tabor, who brought the three Shade Brothers to New York City has returned to the Pacific Coast to look up some new material.

Omaha and Davenport are drawing good gates according to reports of New Yorkers who recently were out to these places.

Buffalo Boxing Notes

By HUGH SHANNON

Rocky Kansas is back home after his disastrous bout with Benny Leonard at Michigan City. Kansas sustained a broken bone in his wrist and, according to the best authority, fought Leonard from the third round on practically with one hand.

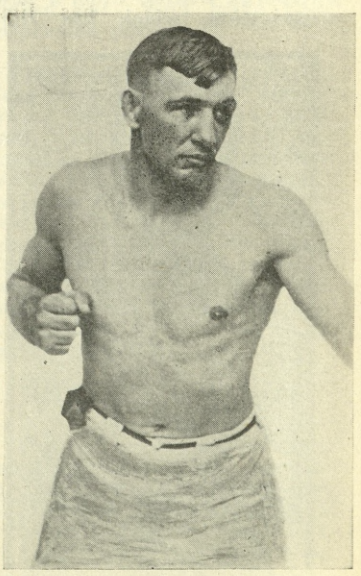
Buffalo fans did not expect to see Kansas knocked out or the bout halted before the tenth round. Three times Rocky had gone the distance with the champion and the boys around here figured Rocky's concrete chin was too tough—even for a master fighter like Leonard.

Kansas has earned a large fortune in the ring and whether he will ever fight again remains to be seen. Time may make Rocky forget the Leonard fight and then again he may decide to lay away the boxing gloves for all time. Kansas can whip most of the good lightweights—barring Leonard although I think Tendler can take him now.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's star young welterweight, is eager to meet Kansas again. Schoell says he will make 138 and bet Rocky any amount of money that he can whip him. Last time the boys met Kansas won the decision but Schoell put up a swell battle. Since then Schoell has improved fully 100 per cent.

Schoell, by the way, is not afraid to give away weight himself. On July third he boxed Johnny Paske and gave the latter a weight handicap of fifteen pounds. Schoell won the decision in a gallop by his splendid boxing.

Jack Perry, former Pittsburgh welter, now a resident of Buffalo, is going at top speed again. Jack has twice defeated Eddie Shevlin at Boston; won the referee's decision over Anthony Downey and gave Harvey Thorpe a licking at Louisville. Perry spotted Downey about eight pounds. Perry is the lad who had Champion Jack Britton down for a count of nine in Toledo. He handed the titleholder a mauling that Britton hasn't forgotten. Last Winter when Tex Rickard offered Britton a championship match with Perry, Britton passed up the chance to redeem himself.



K. O. Loughlin, Pennsylvania's star welterweight, who is managed by Al Lippe. Loughlin is rated ace high

Jimmy Goodrich and Tommy Noble met again at Toronto last month, Noble winning the verdict, Goodrich had previously boxed a draw with Noble. The boys will have a third meeting in Buffalo for the Queensberry club.

Cool weather has kept the local clubs from running shows in the open. The Queensberry club is conducting its bouts at the Broadway Auditorium and doing fairly well. The Velodrome club has been inactive for over six weeks.

Herman Smith, the boy who beat Danny Frush here last Winter, and Knockout Brennan, middleweight, have gone into the restaurant business. They have opened a cafe at Broadway and Jefferson streets. It's funny to read of Tommy McGinty's declaration that no fighter has whipped Frush since Kilbane. Herman Smith came near annihilating Frush here last December and all but knocked him out.

Benny Ross, a likely young welterweight, is becoming quite a card in Buffalo. He looks good.

Dickie Dundee knocked out Johnny Dwyer, the New York featherweight, in the first round, July 3. Dickie is a strong kid and packs a wicked punch.

Cleveland Notes

By RAY CAMPBELL

The action of the New York State Athletic Commission in declaring Johnny Kilbane's featherweight title vacated has been the subject of much discussion along the fistic rialto in the Forest City during the past month. Naturally, one finds a few fans who insist the boxing solons have no control over Kilbane for Johnny is the only pugilistic champion Cleveland has ever produced and the folks are rightly proud of that fact. However, no one disputes the fact that Kilbane should place his title at stake or announce his retirement.

Johnny hasn't boxed since last September when he met Danny Frush at League Park here. That bout sounded the death knell of boxing in Cleveland. Kilbane kicked Frush in the groin in the first round but Frush, although badly injured, was not given the decision and title by Referee Kelly. The latter announced that he didn't want to see the vast crowd disappointed by having the fight end in the first round. That was all right for the crowd but tough on Frush.

Bud Christiano, local lightweight, who resides in Chicago and is under the management of Tom Walsh and Nate Lewis, wants to box Herman Smith or Jimmy Goodrich in a Buffalo ring. Bud has been busy in the West and is going good again.

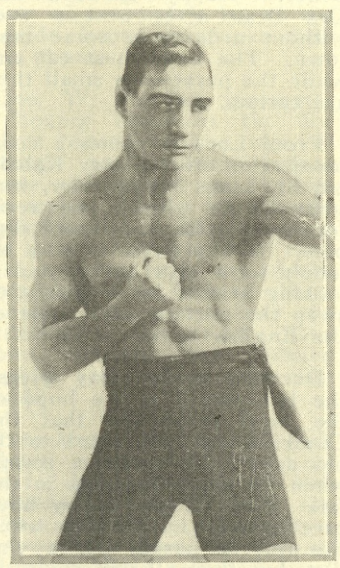
Jimmy Jones, the Youngstown, Ohio, welterweight, gave Frankie Schoell a hard battle of it several weeks ago but Schoell won. Jones is a tough fellow with a hard wallop in his right hand. He is managed by Mick Stambaugh, the Youngstown promoter. Jones and Schoell will, in all likelihood, meet in Buffalo again, this time in a 15 round scrap.

The RING is selling better than any sporting magazine ever put on the market in Cleveland.

Charlie Murray expects to match Harry Greb with some worthy opponent in this city in August, provided Greb doesn't land a match with Dempsey in Philadelphia. Pittsburgh is also said to be after a Greb-Dempsey match.

Marty Burke travelled out to Denver early in July and gave Billy Miske another tough battle, this time for twelve rounds. Miske won the decision. It was the greatest battle seen in Denver in years according to the Denver *Post* expert.

Shortly after the Empire State Commission announced it intends to recognize the winner of the Frush-Johnny Dundee bout featherweight champion of the world Kilbane announced that he would defend his title at Lorain, Ohio, on Labor Day, the bout to be promoted by Matt Hinkel. However, as far as we can learn, Johnny has not autographed a set of articles calling for such a match.



Jack Perry, Pittsburgh welterweight, who is making considerable headway

There has been talk of a match featuring Frush and Billy De Foe to be staged at the Maple Heights race track during the first week of August. The track is a short distance outside the city limits and therefore not under the jurisdiction of the local authorities.

The Tut Jackson-Jack Johnson match, which was scheduled for Washington Court House on July 4 was cancelled because of opposition which cropped up all over the state. Had the affair been held it probably would have drawn a record gate for Jackson, who is blessed with a mighty good press agent, is the idol of every son of Ham in this section of the country.

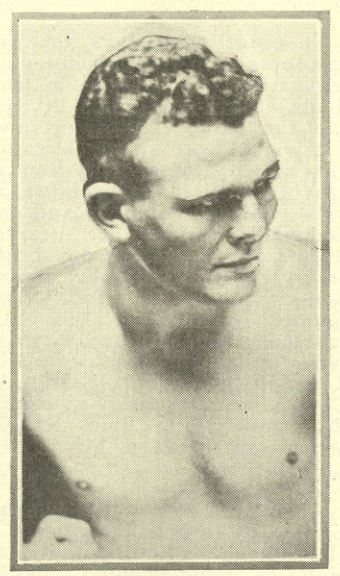
Vincent Pokorni, local welterweight, is going great guns. During the last month, Vince has beaten Pat Carney and knocked out Dutch Chandler and K. O. Brown, two of the toughest welters in Ohio. Pokorni is a rip-tearing fighter and would prove a sensation in New York.

Another welterweight who seems to have the makings of a champion is Jimmy Jones of Youngstown. On July 4th, Jones defeated Soldier Bartfield, knocking Jake down four times. Jones recently pasted Piet Hobin, too.

Carl Tremaine and Jabez White boxed twelve hurricane rounds at Canton on Independence Day with Tremaine having a shade at the end.

Jack Wolfe and Johnny Kaiser boxed a ten round draw at East St. Louis on July 3rd. Wolfe had previously beaten Kaiser at Cincinnati but was handicapped in the second bout by a terrible ring, which was no more than ten feet square, and bad lights. Two 40 watt bulbs furnished the lighting for the ring.

This Kaiser lad is bound to make a name for himself. He is one of the sweetest prospects the writer has seen. Only a youngster, he has a world of class and is a hard puncher. His most notable feat was his victory over Memphis Pal Moore. Kaiser is in capable hands for he is managed by Joe Levy, who guided Joe Rivers to the top of the pugilistic heap several years ago.



Bryan Downey, Ohio middleweight, part holder of championship

Johnny Karr, Jimmy Dunn's welter, has been casting envious eyes at Jack Britton's crown. Karr, who boxed or clowned under the name of Kid Karpinski until he was taken over by Dunn, has developed into a wonderfully clever boxer. He recently boxed a draw with Jock Malone.

Bryan Downey will be on the side lines for a couple of months. Bryan's injured nose, which has been a source of much trouble to him for more than two years, was battered a bit by Jock Malone at Aurora last month so Jimmy Dunn ordered his protege to take a vacation.

Ritchie Colbert, a 135 pounder in Tommy McGinty's stable, bears rare promise. He has had only six professional scraps but has shown a lot of stuff in all of them.

The death of Tiny Maxwell was felt keenly in Cleveland. Big Bob, whose friends were legion, was well known and well liked in the Forest City. Johnny Kilbane, Jimmy Dunn, Tommy McGinty, Ed Bang and Matt Hinkel numbered him among their best friends. Bob wrote sports on a local paper before he attained national prominence as sports editor of the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

Willie Ames, Akron featherweight, has been coming along in great style under the management of Bernie Strapp. His last start resulted in a technical knockout over Blockie Richards, Dayton bone crusher. The order of things was reversed in this scrap, for instead of Richards dealing out a jaw cracking sock, his own jaw was fractured.

Tow headed Al Corbett is stepping right along under the tutelage of Jimmy Dunn. The aggressive youngster punched Bricky Ryan silly in Pittsburgh not long ago.

Old Roly-poly Cal Delaney, one of the toughest lightweights that ever lived, is acting as a life guard at Edgewater Park this year. Delaney is a regular Beau Brummel and is constantly surrounded by a bevy of bathing beauties.

Augie Ratner, Harlem's clever candidate for middleweight titular honors, may be seen in Youngstown next month. Ratner and Jimmy Jones would make a corking match.

Tommy McGinty has refused eight offers for Danny Frush to box in Texas. The sensational featherweight is wanted by promoters in Dallas, El Paso, Houston, Galveston and other Lone Star towns. McGinty wouldn't consider any offer because of the impending Frush-Dundee match. Tom intends to take no chances of Dan injuring his hands before he meets the wop.

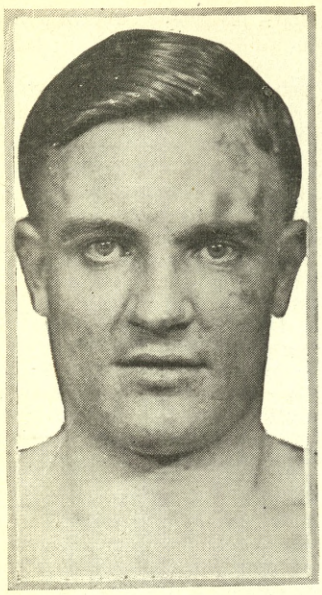
Fay Keiser, Ike Dorgan's light heavyweight, defeated Herman Miller, of Baltimore, in twelve hard rounds at Norwalk a couple of weeks ago. More interesting than the battle was the rooting of Fay's bride whose enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Harry Krohn, Akron middleweight, is ready for any scrapper who doesn't tip the beam at more than 175 pounds. In his last two starts Krohn has given Bryan Downey and Fay Keiser hard battles.

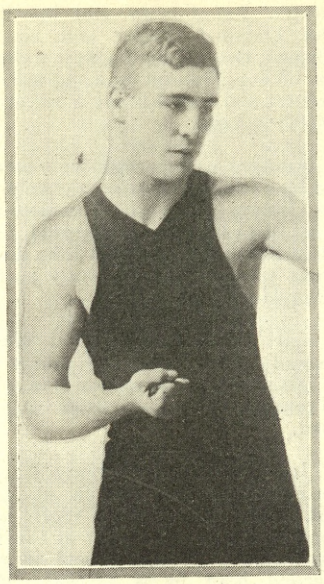
Picked Up In St. Louis

By GEORGE Y. HENGER
Boxing Editor St. Louis Times

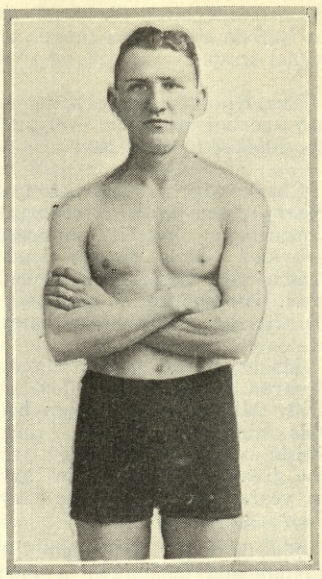
With the lid jammed down temporarily in St. Louis, boxing activities have swung across the river. Harry Redman, a theatrical magnate, has opened a fistic club at the ball



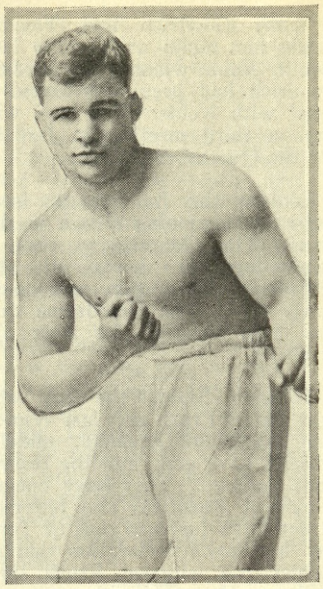
Joe Burke, Western heavyweight, who aspires to championship honors



Frankie Scholl, Buffalo welterweight, who gained a decision over Dave Shade. Scholl ranks among the world's top-notchers in his division



Johnny Gannon, clever Brooklyn bantamweight



Dick Loadman, star Buffalo featherweight. A boxer with a hefty wallop

park. Joe Levy, well known in ring circles, has been installed as matchmaker. Levy managed Joe Rivers when the Mexican was within reach of the lightweight title. Lately he has had Jack Lawler and Pewee Kaiser as his aces. This partnership should enjoy success. Redman is a practical showman and has always been active in sports. Levy knows the ropes of the boxers. Their first show was the Jack Wolff-Kaiser affair, and came off nicely. Their program calls for a scrap about every two weeks or so.

After being in retirement for many months, Walter Heisner, St. Louis' most popular referee, has returned to the arena to handle no decision bouts. Heisner's return was pleasing to the fans. His officiating always made a hit. Of pleasing personality, both in and out of the ring, he commanded the respect of the boxer and the spectator alike, and his knowledge of the rules was regarded as final authority.

These are dull days for the scrappers with the thermometer registering around 95 in the shade. Until the police lift the ban the game is dormant and the boys have turned to some queer occupations. Kid Bandy, one of our best lightweights, is with a taxicab company and occasionally drives a hearse. Billy Cole is passing out business cards that show his affiliation with a tailoring firm. George Butch is in the auto accessory line. Johnny Kern is swinging a pen in a bank, Kid Regan is in vaudeville and Al Thomas is running a candy shop and selling THE RING, which has made a hit in St. Louis.

The cornbelt and kerosine circuits of Illinois are getting a play out of St. Louis. Bud McHale, a middleweight, makes weekly excursions among the yokels to flatten some country boxer. Happy Howard and Ora Dean never went a week without a bout in some tank town. The boys must eat and while the purses are small they are certain.

From London comes a communication from Harry Kabakoff, St. Louis 130-pounder, who forsook the gloves and resin for the lipstick and dance slippers. Kabby says he is a bit lonely for a little boxing and is looking around for a chance to swap the mittens with some of the English boys.

Decision bouts may please the fan, but it is the hope of the local promotors that the Commissioners will revert to the old days of no-decision scraps when the game re-opens in the fall. None of the classy boys care to show in St. Louis when the referee passes out a verdict, but they all will come on for a no-decision affair. Herman was here three times and Leonard once during the winter before last, but the boys wouldn't fight in St. Louis when the Commission insisted on decisions. As a result the promoters held the sack.

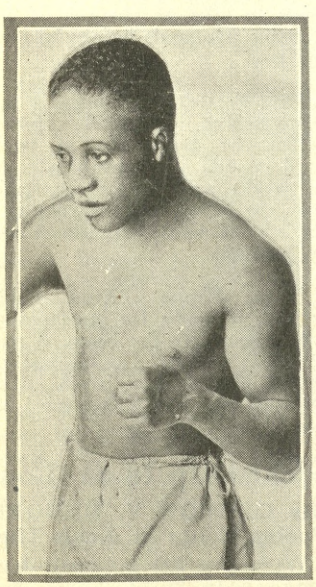
Patsy Flanagan, one of the few boys who has a referee's decision over Eddie O'Dowd in the last two years, is anxious to get into action. Flanagan is a good boy, better, in fact, than the majority of boxers ever sent out of St. Louis; but he needs action. He will make under 120 pounds.

New Orleans News

By FRED DIGBY

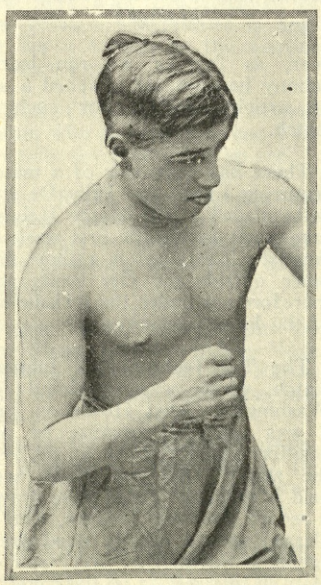
New Orleans Item

The opening of Frankie Edwards' new Coliseum was delayed by the cancellation of the Bill Brennan - Marty Burke match. Leo P. Flynn asked for postponement of the Brennan-

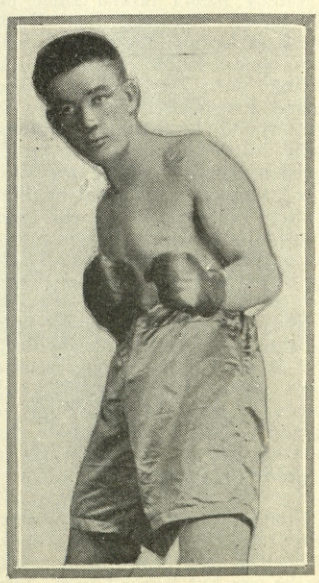


Danny Edwards, Coast Bantam Champion, a negro boxer with a terrific punch and considerable science

Gene Delmont, former Memphis lightweight, who has a good war record and stands ace high in the boxing profession



Joe Tiplitz, Philadelphia lightweight, member of Phil Glassman's stable



Billy Clarke, Allentown, Pa., middleweight

Burke match to avoid conflict with the Kentucky commission.

Burke went West early in July to prepare for a meeting with Billy Miske, of St. Paul, in a 12-round bout at Denver, Colo. It is a return meeting, Miske having outpointed Burke in 15 rounds here in April.

"Happy" Littleton, popular middleweight, is nursing a badly injured pair of mitts and may be idle for the next two months. Littleton hurt his mitts in the match with Billy Shade, but managed to eke out a victory.

The proposed Littleton-Mike O'Dowd bout will therefore be on the shelf temporarily. It probably will be staged some time in September.

Pal Moran's victory over Phil Salvador by a knockout marked the end of the Italian lightweight's stay in the home town. Pal grabbed a rattler for New York with the well wishes of all of his friends for a successful summer season in Eastern rings.

The veteran Jack Thompson, brought there by Solly Harris, surprised the wise element by defeating Bill Tate in 15 rounds. Tate injured his hand early in the fray. Bill was as good as 6 to 1 in the betting, but there was very little wagering.

Basil Galiano and Johnny Drummie recently put up a hectic struggle for 15 rounds, Galiano winning the verdict. A rainstorm robbed hundreds of fans of opportunity of seeing a very interesting lightweight struggle. Galiano is fast developing into a high class performer.

Johnny Abrams has withdrawn from the promoting game and Al Pilsbury has returned to the helm of the Orleans A. C. Abrams has hied himself to Bay St. Louis, Miss., where he will summer with his family.

The local talent is getting a chance to strut in the "all star" shows being staged by all the clubs. Pat Burke, Red Watson, Dude Martinez, Pascal Colletti, Eddie Caronne, Joe Marks, Bill Kennedy, Stanley Meeghan, Joe Overlascity, Sailor Blanque, Al Knowles, Eddie O'Hara, Joe Cook, Charley Feraci, Al Yochim, Benny Harvey and Tommy Harris are some of the popular fan favorites.

Marty Burke fought twice in four days during the middle of June. He beat Joe White at Nashville, Tenn., and got a draw with Glenn Clickner at Shreveport.

Bob Smith and Pete Stone were with us for a few days in June. Bob has many friends here. He came through with Dave Shade after Dave beat Tillie Herman in Houston. Stone came down with Billy Shade.

Houston is a good spot just now. The promoters there are Dr. Norton, First National Bank Bldg.; Julius Siegel, 1601 San Felipe Street, and Rudolph Gordon, 209 Queen Theatre Bldg.

Jottings From Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMANN
Philadelphia North American

Since being knocked out by Lew Tendler, Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights mauler, has been taking things easy. Manager Jimmy Dougherty and Bobby have helped in several recent benefits, the latter appearing in the role of referee. Dougherty still has faith in Barrett to stop a lot of rival lightweights.

Philadelphia's part in the Tendler-Leonard battle at Jersey City was a mighty turnout. The Quaker City fans went in special trains and by auto. The specials run by Phil Glassman over the Reading and Yankee Schwartz on the Pennsy, carried thousands. Philadelphia was all steamed up over the tiff and those who coundn't be at the ringside kept newspaper bulletin phones busy.

Geo. W. Pawling, promoter of boxing bouts at the Ice Palace, conceived the idea of putting on summer indoor shows and staged an elimination series of bouts for the city championship. A championship belt goes to the winner in each class. These belts are duplicates of the Tex Rickard championship belt, except that the Philadelphia awards have rubies, whereas the Rickard trophies are studded with diamonds.

Pete Moran, manager of Jack Palmer, has received many offers for his welterweight. Negotiations are under way for Palmer to meet Ray Long in a twelve-round bout in Texas. Palmer recently returned from the Lone Star State, where he gained a decision over Johnny Tillman.

Danny Edwards, the clever Boston negro bantamweight, has been appearing in a number of summer bouts in this city. He made a hit recently by beating Kid Boots at the National A. C.

Mike Kredell, of Toledo, has been signed to a three years' boxing contract by Herman Hindin. Kredell is a lightweight and is out with a sweeping defi.

Lew Tendler brought out a big crowd when he took part in the baseball game between the Eighth and Walnut and Eighth and Vine Street teams. Lew took some wicked swings at the ball and the crowd got a lot of fun out of it.

Joe Kennedy and Pete Tyrell are putting on summer outdoor shows every Thursday night in Manayunk. Fifteen rounds proves a special feature. This is out of Philadelphia County and still within easy reach of the city.

Lancaster has long been a live boxing town. First it was Leo Houck, the famed middleweight, who put the Red Rose City on the boxing map. Now Tim Droney, the hard working lightweight, is giving the Lancaster fans something to talk about. Droney has jumped to Texas for several bouts this summer.

Philadelphia fight fans are glad to learn that Hughey Hutchinson, the featherweight, has recovered from an attack of illness. Hutchinson, who made his boxing start here, is hot on the trail of Johnny Kilbane, Andy Chaney, Danny Frush or Johnny Dundee. "Hutch" is now handled by Scotty Monteith.

Johnny McLaughlin has returned from Texas, where he engaged in several bouts. Austin Dougherty has taken him under his wing and has mapped out a busy campaign. His first challenge was hurled at Pat Bradley.

Herman Hindon, who has managed fighters in this city for many years, is now a promoter. He has staged several outdoor shows and is also matchmaker for the new boxing club at Millville, N. J. Hindin's local club is known as the Columbia A. C.

Sammy Hewitt, one of Philadelphia's most promising amateur boxers, has decided to turn pro. He weighs 138 pounds and can probably get down to the lightweight limit. Hewitt helped Danny Loughran get in shape for his bout with Harry Greb.

Willie Green recently turned in a nine-round knockout over Jack Lewis of New Orleans in a Louisville ring. Manager Eddie Stanton has offers for Green in Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Green formerly boxed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Pedro Campo, a lightweight boxer from the Phillipine Islands, has been displaying splendid form in his contests here and throughout the state, and his manager, Harry Neff, is seriously considering invading New York with his brown skinned mitt slinger.

Firm in the belief that he has a future champion, Max "Boo Boo" Hoff, local sportsman, who is leaving no stone unturned in grooming Kid Wagner, Philadelphia's crack featherweight, as the successor to Johnny Kilbane, has already posted $2,500 with the New York Boxing Commission to bind a match for the title. Wagner, with newspaper decisions over Johnny Darcy, Babe Herman, Earl Baird, George Erne, and a score of others, recently went to Meriden, Conn., and won the referee's decision over Louis "Kid" Kaplan, claimant of the featherweight championship of New England.

Under the watchful eye of Bill Penderghest, knight of the telegraph key, Tommy Gallagher, a newcomer in Philadelphia's lightweight ranks, is rapidly rounding into shape at Penderghest's training quarters at Potterton Heights, a suburb of this city.

"One more month of careful conditioning," says Manager Bill, "and Gallagher will be ready to meet all comers."

Sammy Hahn, who brought Joe Welling, Chicago lightweight, to the top two years ago, and then accepted a position with a local newspaper, is once again to re-enter the boxing game. Rumor has it along the fistic rialto that Jack Kearns, manager of Jack Dempsey, may turn his lightweight, Joe Benjamin, over to Hahn.

Open air boxing is flourishing here, as can be attested to by the fact that the two shows promoted by Herman Taylor and Bob Gunnis drew close to $75,000, these being the Tendler-Barrett and Greb-Loughran contests. More than 30,000 people witnessed these two bouts, which were staged at Philadelphia National League Ball Park.

"K.O." Sanson, light heavyweight of this city, who has been inactive in the roped arena for the past year, is once again in fine shape, and his manager, Eddie Edwards, is trying to interest local promoters to stage a match between Sanson and Harry Greb.

Harry "Kid" Brown, lightweight stablemate of Lew Tendler, is crying for more work, and Manager Phil Glassmann is at present arranging a western tour for his protege.

Frank "Pop" O'Brien, Philadelphia's popular referee, will be the third man in the ring at the Olympia A. A. when it opens its doors for its initial show the first week in September. O'Brien's work last year was of high calibre.

Joe Nelson, crack Philadelphia bantam, may meet Carl Tremaine in the opening show at the Olympia A. A.

Canadian Gossip

By "CANADA BILL"

Frankie Bull, the Canadian welterweight, handed a fine lacing to Nate Lewis of Buffalo in Toronto. Bull can be depended on to show well against most of the welters brought across the international line. There is some talk of the Toronto ex-lightweight meeting Eddie Shevlin of Boston in the near future. Shevlin is clever and a veteran in the ring.

Benny Cohen has broken into the promoting end of the game in Montreal. Cohen is a former ringster and has been a referee and trainer as well. He has also managed some battlers of recent years.

Montreal has some good pugs and they have been developed in late years, too. But none of them will approach Eugene Brousseau in point of drawing attraction. Brousseau was in a fair way to capture a fortune in Montreal alone, when along came Mike McTigue and spilled the Montrealer and then Jack Bloomfield pulled the same stunt. Brousseau was a great favorite with the French Canadians of Montreal, who followed him from his amateur days. The former promising middleweight has been threatening a comeback attempt, but it has been held back.

Kid Dube of Lewiston, Me., has been winning regularly in his Canadian bouts of recent moons. Dube is a featherweight and has beaten Tommy Buck of Philadelphia and Joe Leonard of Brooklyn in recent bouts.

Roddie McDonald of Montreal, former Cape Breton middleweight, is expected to box in Maine during the summer and fall. McDonald was a tough middleweight but Kid Barleycorn has sapped much of his endurance and hitting power. Even at that, he is yet rugged. McDonald, had he trained and held aloof from the liquid that destroys, would have accomplished something in the ring and been a credit to fistiana. And he might have had a few dollars today. He boxed Augie Ratner, George Ashe, Mike McTigue, Frank Carbone, Tommy Robson, Ray Smith, Zulu Kid, Johnny Howard, Eugene Brosseau, Tommy Madden, Leo Houck, Wild Bill Fleming, Marty Cross, Johnny Wilson, Bob McAllister, Willie Langford, Walter Laurette, Bill McKinnon, and others of lesser note. He won a referee's decision over Johnny Wilson in Halifax, N. S., some years ago. He stopped Johnny Howard and Wild Bill Fleming six years ago in the same city. He boxed most of his bouts in Halifax but also appeared in Brooklyn, Boston, Rochester, Albany and Montreal.

Ira Putnam, a middleweight, who styles himself the American Legion Slugger, has been paying an extended visit to St. John, N. B. Ira is a very faithful trainer—he trains on whiskey and cigarettes, adding gin for the salad. The Police have objected to Ira's panhandling ways, and have kindly invited him to move elsewhere. Ira specializes in offering pedestrians two shots at his jaw for the price of a drink of liquid dynamite. The last time Ira was in the ring, he was subjected to a severe bombarding from Cleveland Johnny Downes, at Fort Fairfield, Me., Ira being hit with everything but the roof. Ira saw so many Downes, the referee called the massacre in the tenth for lack of breath in counting over Putnam.

Johnny McIntyre, welterweight champion of the maritime provinces, has been boxing in northern Maine and will make his headquarters there for the balance of the summer and fall. He expects to box in Houlton, Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield, Millinocket and Van Buren before the snow flies again. His manager, Danny McInnis, also has taken to the mitts and is boxing in the semi finals and prelims. McIntyre's bout at Presque Isle with Cleveland Johnny Downes was one of the best ever seen in northern Maine, and the newspaper decision was a draw.

Joe Irvine, veteran St. John middleweight, is spending the summer and fall on a farm at Oromocto, N. B., on the St. John River, near Fredericton. There was some talk of Irvine being sent against Young Pooler of Bangor, Me., before the fall. In Irvine's most recent bout he won from Johnny McIntyre at Sydney, N. S., on a foul in the fourth round. Previous to that he was stopped by McIntyre in the eighth at Sydney.

Cape Breton is coming into its own again in boxing. Open air shows are being staged in North Sydney, and indoor shows in Glace Bay and New Waterford. Sydney has been somewhat inactive. Two middleweights are now being groomed to take the niche once occupied by Roddie McDonald, the unruly miner. They are Mike Quinn of Sydney Mines and Stan Bartlett of North Sydney. So far, Quinn has the edge on Bartlett.

Jack Kid Thomas, Montreal welterweight, has been seeking bouts and is willing to meet any welterweight in the dominion or in New England. Thomas has been beaten several times lately, but after a rest is said to be in good form once more.

New Orleans Notes

By FRANK DIGBY

A pair of badly bruised digits will keep "Happy" Littleton, idol of Crescent City fans, on the shelf until late in August. Littleton injured his hands early in the recent fifteen round contest with Billy Shade, took a whale of a pasting for several rounds and then staged a rally that had Shade wobbly at the end.

How Littleton was able to punch at all with his injured hands is a matter of much wonder to scribes and fans, the former crediting "Happy" with exceptional gameness for his performance. The rally convinced the referee, scribes and fans that Littleton was the winner though the Shade contingent thought otherwise.

With Pal Moran in the East and clamoring for bouts with the lightweight champion, Basil Galiano is cock-o'-the-walk among the 135-pounders hereabouts. Galiano is showing improvement under the able handling of "Red" Walsh, who piloted Pete Herman from the preliminary class to the bantamweight title, and may yet reward Walsh for his troubles.

Galiano is an Italian boy and one of a family of 21. Two brothers aspired to fistic honors previous to Basil's start but have retired and are in business here.

Ray Dolan, who made famous, if he didn't coin, the expression, "I forgot to duck" ran afoul one of Danny Kramer's hooks out in Los Angeles and went out in Round 2. It was a cruel blow, coming in the midst of a successful come-back in the four round game but the "Sunburst" hustled to the telegraph office and wired the home folks as follows: "Was winning easily but I forgot to duck."

Dolan's one of the few who can "smile when everything goes wrong" and he has many friends who are pulling for him to get back into the running again in the Golden West.

Development of local talent is once again forced upon local promoters by the lack of good attractions. With Littleton on the shelf and Moran in the East, the promoters have only Burke to depend upon as a "big league" card and finding good opponents for Marty is a job in itself, for he has met and beaten nearly all of the second-raters.

One very promising looking youngster was introduced during July—"Dude" Martinez, a Thibodaux, La., near middleweight. Martinez is an exceptional puncher and proved it in stopping two very tough opponents in jig-time. "Dude" has other qualities that indicate he will go far if the desire to get into the big money doesn't affect his handlers.

Always a great spot for bantams, and scene of many notable contests for the bantam title, New Orleans has of late had very few performances in which the little fellows held the stage. However, a new crop is coming along and includes Pascal Colletti, Charley Feraci, Red Watson, Bill Kennedy, Joe Cook and Frank Demari. Eddie Coulon, one of the old guard, though still a youngster in age, is getting ready to step in and give some of the newcomers a few lessons in the manly art.

Johnny Abrams has relinquished control of the Orleans A. C. and Al Pilsbury is again operating under the Pilsbury garden license. Pilsbury has Tommy Gibbons signed but is having trouble getting an opponent that local fans and scribes consider worthy of the steel of Eddie Kane's great battler.

Visiting managers and boxers who have seen Frankie Edwards' new Coliseum here all rate it one of the best in America. Pete Stone who came down with Billy Shade and Howard Carr who dropped in with Bill Tate were both surprised at the size of the arena, which is an indoor affair with seating capacity of 8,000 and erected at a cost of $75,000.

Johnny Cox, who was connected with Eddie Mead and later with Leo P. Flynn in New York, is challenging Champion Joe Lynch in behalf of Eddie Coulon, New Orleans bantamweight. Coulon recently won a referee's decision over Memphis Pal Moore in Memphis. He has also defeated many of the leading bantamweights.

Coulon will figure in the star bout of the second show at Frankie Edwards' new Coliseum Auditorium in New Orleans. He meets Pascal Colletti, a New Orleans bantam.

Edwards intends to stage two shows monthly. He will handle only high-class matches. Fay Kaiser may meet Harry Greb in the third show. The new arena seats 8,000 people.

Cox can be reached at 135 Royal Street, New Orleans, La.

Gossip From Chicago

By ART WINCH

Charlie White, lightweight contender, is traveling at top speed. He recently defeated Johnny Dundee at Rock Island and three days later beat Ever Hammer at Aurora, Ill. White gave Dundee the whipping of his life; the only thing that kept Dundee from a knockout was his ring generalship. White has posted a certified check for $2,500 with the New York Boxing Commission for a fight to a decision with Benny Leonard, who has been ducking White for the last two years.

Tab down another winner for "Tex" Jim Mullen, matchmaker for Aurora Club. He certainly knows how to put on shows, and the past one proved that conclusively. When it comes to making matches he is in a class by himself, as far as this part of the country is concerned. There never was a harder fought lightweight battle in years than the one between White and Hammer.

The surprise for the fans came when Tony Melchoir, the much-touted heavyweight, and Charlie Van stepped in for their six-round contest here at the White-Hammer fight. Melchoir was picked to stop Van before the limit, but Van, after being dropped twice, surprised the fans by his gameness in coming back and fighting big Tony off his feet. He almost made the big fellow quit. No boxer here ever received an ovation greater than Van got when leaving the ring. Van may be used for a fight with Al Morris for August.

Emil Thiry is getting another stable of fighters together. So far he has secured Frankie Callahan, Joey Swartz, bantam, and Marcel Denis, champion junior lightweight of France. Denis has been in this country for eighteen months. He had nine fights and also was in the training camp of Georges Carpentier. Denis will be ready in about two weeks for any lightweight. He has been out of the game for several months owing to a broken hand.

The Michigan City Arena is the finest of its kind in this part of the country. Many Chicago fans who motored or traveled to the Michigan city to see the Leonard-Kansas

fight got their money's worth. Promoter Fitzsimmons handled the big crowd to perfection. The crowd wasn't as large as expected, but the next fight will draw a much better. The fans here would like to see Promoter Fitzsimmons match White and Leonard for his next show.

Chicago and vicinity are running over with boxers, clubs and real fights. Kid Howard's Arcade and the Silvie Ferretti gyms in the loop are packed daily with pro and amateur fighters. Amateur bouts to decisions are held. There are a dozen other gymnasiums.

At Ferretti's Loop gymnasium, 175 W. Madison St., Chicago, the following boxers and wrestlers are training daily: Charlie White, Ever Hammer, Eddie Welch, Bud Christiano, Frankie Jummati, Harold Smith, John Pesek, Stanley Zbyszko, Marion Plestnea, Bill Demetral, Paul Pacuet and others. Silvie Ferretti is also running amateur boxing shows and drawing big houses. Ferretti invites all professionals who pass through Chicago the use of his gym free of charge.

New England News

By BILLY McNULTY

Jock Malone did not add to his New England prestige when he side-stepped the bout in Boston with Mickey Walker, the Jersey midleweight. Malone asserted that he had an injured hand. Jack Bulger, who is directing the fistic destinies of Walker, says Malone is afraid of Walker. Lou Bogash is certainly not in fear of the Jersey wallopper, for the Bridgeport middleweight bearcat took Malone's place at forty-eight hours' notice and won the decision, although Walker was coming strong at the finish.

Open air boxing is becoming quite a fad in Maine. Arenas have been established in Veazie, Brewer, Houlton, with the prospect of more next summer. In one of the recent open air shows held in Brewer, Red Chapman of Chelsea and Mickey Travers of New Haven, both promising feathers. were battling right merrily when in the fourth round someone wrecked the lighting system. The bout was then called off on account of darkness.

George Ward of Elizabeth is another Jersey scrapster to come to Massachusetts and make good. He defeated Nate Siegal of Revere. Nate is a tough and slugging welterweight, but against clever fellows of the Ward stamp he is on the Atlantic a thousand miles from shore and with toothpicks for oars.

K. O. Phil Kaplan of Meriden, who was not beaten in twenty-six starts, is not downhearted over the break in the chain at the hands of Kid Wagner of Philadelphia. Kaplan has had a rest and expects to be able to battle his way to the featherweight title, provided he could hypnotize Jawn Kilbane into entering the squared circle.

Eddie Tremblay of Boston has been making a ring campaign after being ill. Tremblay has been boxing in Maine, where he first started scrapfesting nine years ago. His first bouts were in Bangor. Since then Tremblay has boxed some of the well known performers of the middleweight division. He was a lumberjack when in Maine.

R. G. Findlay of Houlton, Me., matchmaker for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has been staging some attractive shows in Houlton during the summer in an out-door arena. Mr. Findlay is a devotee of boxing, and was largely instrumental in rebuilding the sport in northern Maine.

Young Montreal, the crack Providence bantamweight, has not been very active so far this summer. He is preparing for a busy fall and winter campaign. Monty is anxious to annex that well known bantam title and wishes some energetic matchmaker would book him with Johnny Buff before Loe Lynch gets to the veteran Jerseyite.

R. O. Sukeforth is one of the leading promoters of northern Maine. Mr. Sukeforth has been very active in boxing and has followed the shows staged in his territory. He says Cleveland Johnny Downes has established himself as a favorite in northern Maine through his aggressive and battling tactics.

Eddie Shevlin, the fast Boston welterweight, has been keeping busy through the summer. Shevlin can take long trips in the summer, which are impossible ventures for him in the fall and winter, as he is boxing instructor at Dartmouth University, Hanover, N. H. He is looked on as a regular "perfesser" at the big college.

When seeking an opponent for Harry Greb in New England it would be advisable for matchmakers to think of Jeff Smith. Although Greb has been able to clean up the heavies with ease and a pair of padded mitts, he has been unable to more than outpoint by a bare margin the veteran Bayonne middleweight. Smith has fought Greb 67 rounds and won about 50 of them.

Jasper Nickerson, one of the Maine promoters, has been matchmaking for several of the towns in eastern Maine. He thinks the current summer and fall season the best boxing season that Maine has had for many years. He favors the sturdy battlers who, like their bitter halves, are good mixers.

George Robinson, ancient smoked middleweight from the classic confines of Cambridge, has let it be ballyhooed through his pilot, Jim McDonald of Boston, that he is being ignored by New England middleweights. Manager McDonald avers that Gawge has been passed up by Johnny Wilson and the other New England middies. The reason, according to McDonald, is that Bobby battles when he is in the ring.

Boxing In Europe

By LEON SEE
Our Paris Correspondent

The boxing season is now practically closed in France. The last big contest took place on June 23. In that contest Nilles was whipped by the colored light heavy, Siki, who has not been beaten since he has become a "pro."

Siki has victories over the heavyweight champions of Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany, viz: Spalla, De Paus, Van de Veer and Breitenstralter. He is a very slippery, clever boxer, but without a punch.

Nilles is a good all around man, clever, quick on his feet and a fairly hard hitter. The winner is booked to box Carpentier in September—and will last about one minute. Nilles was originally scheduled to meet Georges, but his defeat eliminated him. It is almost a certainty Siki will take his place.

This season in France has seen one or two titles change hands. In the flyweight class, Bouzounîe, who is getting on towards 32 years, has managed to keep his title against the assaults of Gulliard and Young Blaise.

In the bantam class, Charley Ledoux, although not far from retiring, is "opponentless." He lost in one round with Criqui, but the latter is a featherweight. Criqui's victory does not carry with it the bantam title.

Criqui is by miles the best man at 125 pounds. He can beat any boy in France up to at least 140 pounds.

With Carpentier, he is our best boxer, and has a real chance against any man in the world at his weight. His last fifteen contests have been fifteen victories by the K. O. route. He certainly deserves the nickname of "The K. O. King," which the Australian fans have given him.

The lightweight title has passed from Papin's hands first into the hands of Poutet, who recently lost to Deleve. Papin is now 36 years old. He kept his title more than 10 years. Poutet is a fairly clever man and so is Deleve, but either is far from our pre-war champions, such as Vittet or Brochet.

Francis Charles is still welterweight champion of France. He has beaten twice his challenger, Brunier, who, strange to say, afterwards won the middleweight title, but lost it to our old Balzac, who still owns it.

The coming middleweight champion is undoubtedly Rouquet, who is now serving his military time and who seems to have a great future in front of him. He is a complete boxer, very powerful, hard and clever. Rouquet has not met with defeat yet.

Carpentier is our light heavyweight champion and Nilles our heavyweight title holder, but the former is several classes above the later. Nilles still is heavyweight champion despite his defeat by Siki, the negro.

Criqui will box shortly for the featherweight championship of Europe. His opponent will be Matthews, the recent conqueror of Wyns. Matthews only a few months ago was only a groom at the London National Sporting Club. His victory over Wyns is not a proof of exceptional class, but rather a consequence of sudden and extraordinary collapse of the Belgian champion. Criqui will make short work of Matthews and the next season will see the "K. O. King" in America. His aim is to get Johnny Kilbane's title.

Carpentier is now training hard—for a film. He has a fine engagement for July in England with a picture company. He is to play the part of a ruffian who does all sorts of extraordinary feats, including rough riding, etc. The drawback is that Georges had never ridden a horse in his life.

The part included all sorts of feats on horseback. Carpentier accepted it with his usual confidence, saying, "I have two months to become an expert rider. It is more than plenty." And now, every morning, surprised passers-by can see a well known figure racing at an amazing pace along the beautiful alleys of the Bois de Bologne. A girl, also on horseback, gallops behind at full speed and has accepted the arduous task of giving advices. The plucky novice is Carpentier. The teacher is Pearl White.

Jack Munro Seeks U. S. Boxers For Australia

Jack Munro, Australian fight promoter, who arrived in New York a few days ago, informed THE RING that before leaving Australia he sent a cable inviting Johnny Kilbane to defend his featherweight title against Benny Valger, the French Flash. Munro offered Kilbane $100,000 for three fights and round trip tickets for himself, trainer and manager. Needless to say this sum did not draw Johnny within ten miles from Cleveland.

Munro in a statement to THE RING asked to have an announcement made to the effect that he can give plenty of work to lively featherweights and lightweights. These boys, however, must be good enough to travel over the twenty round route. Such boys should get in touch with George Blake of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, who is now engaged in arranging to bring a team of American boxers to Australia in the fall. Only boys desiring to travel without managers need apply.

According to Munro everything is held under strict Government supervision and no boxer need fear of not getting a square deal so long as he behaves himself and trains faithfully.

Results of Boxing Bouts

JUNE, 1922

8—Perth Amboy (Auditorium A. C.):
Mike Mazie beat Bert Smithers, 8 rds.

8—Frostburg, Md.:
Jimmy Jones knocked out Barney Adair, 1 rd.
Buck Penner knocked out Harry Kepler, 3 rds.
Sammy Howard knocked out Ray Mullen, 1 rd.

8—Norwalk, Conn.:
Fay Keiser beat Herman Miller, 12 rds.

9—Coney Island (Palace of Joy Club):
Eddie Brady beat Kid Sullivan, 12 rds.
Tony Lyons knocked out Mickey McMinn, 2 rds.
Tommy Lynch knocked out Joey Silvers, 2 rds.
Nick Scanlon beat Jack Elliott, 6 rds.

9—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Sammy Seiger beat Jackie Norman, 12 rds.
Sammy Stone beat Patsy Philbin, 10 rds.
Jack Marlowe beat Marty Silvers, 6 rds.
Bog Graham beat Fred Price, 6 rds.

9—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. A.):
Lew Snyder knocked out Johnny Cobb, 7 rds.
Frankie Genaro beat Eddie Lynch, 12 rds.

9—New York (Fifteenth Infantry Armory):
Pete Hayes beat Carl Moore, 12 rds.
Willie St. Claire beat Johnny Martin, 10 rds.

9—Detroit:
Kid Barbarian beat Joe Welling, 10 rds.

9—Toronto:
Eddie Pinchot and Bobby Eber, draw, 10 rds.
Tommy Noble beat Jimmy Goodrich, 10 rds.

9—Meriden, Conn.:
Kid Wagner beat Louis (Kid) Kaylan, 12 rds.

9—Philadelphia:
Stanley Willis knocked out Mattie Brooks, 4 rds.
Bob Robideau and Johnny Lawrence, draw, 8 rds.

9—Stamford, Conn. (Star Sporting Club):
Johnny Darcy knocked out Joe Mooney, 2 rds.

9—Vancouver, B. C.:
Jimmy Clabby and Joe Egan, draw, 10 rds.

9—Omaha, Neb.:
Billy Shade beat Andy Schamder, 10 rds.

9—Long Branch (Ocean Park A. A.):
Johnny Drummie beat Johnny Carroll, 12 rds.
Buck Walters knocked out Red Allen, 2 rds.

9—Covington, Ky.:
Alex Novecky and Frankie Nessler, draw, 12 rds.
Al Hayes won on a foul over Tony Carcifero, 4 rds.
John Logan beat Henry Purdue, 6 rds.
Leroy Apple and Ed. Hennebury, draw, 4 rds.

9—Sacramento, Cal.:
Tommy O'Leary beat Ad. Rubidoux, 4 rds.
Eugene Volaire beat Chris George, 4 rds.
Trench King beat "Baby" Blue, 4 rds.

9—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Lee Matlock beat Jimmy Barry, 4 rds.
Al Delmar and Jack Inman, draw, 4 rds.

9—San Francisco:
Hank Gastine beat Frankie Thomas, 4 rds.
Young Compston knocked out Harry Eagles, 1 rd.
Eddie Doody beat Johnny Ray, 4 rds.
Tommy Gardner and Al Hoag, draw, 4 rds.
"Kid" Martin knocked out Mickey King, 3 rds.
Pete Barry beat "Cyclone" Nalleris, 4 rds.
Phil Sandin beat Bert Faunce, 4 rds.

10—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Frankie Jerome beat Harry Martin, 12 rds.
Johnny (Red) Monroe beat Johnny Cooney, 12 rds.
Willie Davis beat Spencer Gardner, 10 rds.
Harry Hawky beat Harold Evans, 6 rds.

10—Long Island City (Queensboro Stadium):
Jimmy O'Gatty beat Alex Trambitas, 12 rds.
Babe Herman beat Packy O'Gatty, 10 rds.
Sammy Markee beat Terry Rogers, 8 rds.
Al McCluskey knocked out Al Rogers, 1 rd.
Jack Barrett beat Jimmy Taylor, 4 rds.

10—Brooklyn (Rink Sporting Club):
Eddie O'Dowd and Johnny Gannon, draw, 12 rds.
Harry Galfund beat Joe Smith, 6 rds.
Frank Curley beat Tommy Hayes, 6 rds.
Eddie Martin knocked out Young Shain, 4 rds.

10—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Johnny Williams knocked out Ray West, 4 rds.
Young Hickey beat Silent Martin, 12 rds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory:
Lee Wedo knocked out Charlie Speilman, 1 rd.
Willie Mangle beat Jimmy Gowdy, 8 rds.
Red (K. O.) O'Neill beat Joe Paul, 6 rds.
Jimmy Monte knocked out Battling Pampa, 2 rds.
Jimmy Collins beat Al Inna, 4 rds.
Sammy Burns knocked out Willie Mack, 3 rds.

11—Ogden, Utah:
Abie Mishkind and Billy Wallace, draw, 10 rds.

12—Jersey City (Oakland A. A. Stadium):
Johnny Shugrue beat Gene Delmont, 12 rds.
Charlie Hayes beat Joe Leonard, 10 rds.

12—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Mickey Donley beat Charley Pitts, 12 rds.
Andy Thomas knocked out Sailor Joe Daly, 3 rds.
Lou Paluso knocked out Nat Ripon, 2 rds.
Nat Pinches beat Lew Goldberg, 4 rds.

12—Mariesville, R. I. (National A. C.):
Irish (Kid) Williams beat Johnny Donohue, 10 rds.
Ted Marshall knocked out Jim Kerr, 4 rds.
Tommy Maguire knocked out Harry Mitchell, 2 rds.
Charlie Baxter beat Jimmy Wilde, of Taunton, 8 rds.

12—Freeport, L. I. (Freeport Sporting Club):
Charley (Kid) Kohler beat Johnny Gray, 12 rds.
Tommy Madden beat Dan Lynch, 10 rds.

12—Pittsburgh (Forbes Field):
Al Corbett beat Bricky Ryan, 10 rds.
Johnny King knocked out Frank McNichols, 2 rds.
Patsy Young beat Harry Haggerty, 6 rds.
Eddie Carver lost on foul to Mike Milko, 2 rds.

12—Memphis, Tenn.:
Al Tarzan Munro knocked out Johnny Stanley, 2 rds.

12—Mansfield, Ohio:
Shine Horvath knocked out Joe Tuttle, 3 rds.
Joe Pucko knocked out Joe Everett, 2 rds.

12—Kittanning, Pa.:
Mike Moran beat Scotty Raeburn, 10 rds.
Frankie Buff knocked out Young Britton, 2 rds.

12—Chicago:
Eddie Walsh knocked out Bub Stanton, 2 rds.

12—Columbus, Ohio:
K. O. Mars beat K. O. Jeakle, 12 rds.

12—New Orleans:
Pal Moran knocked out Phil Salvador, 12 rds. Joe Cook knocked out Charley Romain, 2 rds. Benny Harvey beat Tom Manly, 6 rds. Kid Campo beat Frankie Smith, 4 rds.

13—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Eddie Dempsey beat Young Mickey, 6 rds. Benny Bass knocked out Young Costa, 1 rd. Tommy Devlin beat Tommy O'Toole, 6 rds. Wally Hinkle beat Joe Welsh, 6 rds. Patsy Broderick beat Joe Phillips, 6 rds. Bobby Allen beat Chick Kansas, 6 rds.

13—Aurora, Ill.:
Jock Malone beat Bryan Downey, 10 rds.

13—Newark (Troxler's Arena):
Patsy Logan and Willie Ferguson, draw, 8 rds.

13—Homestead, Pa.:
Eddie Carver beat Harry Cook, 10 rds. Danny Johnson, knocked out George Walker, 2 rds. Young Alexander knocked out Kid Redman, 3 rds.

13—Worcester, Mass.:
George (Kid) Lee beat Johnny Allen, 8 rds.

13—Akron, Ohio:
Willie Ames knocked out Blockie Richards, 6 rds. Young Duckworth, beat Young Mallory, 6 rds. Joe Pick won on a foul from Johnnie Bright, 4 rds. Tony Ross beat Ralph Snyder, 8 rds.

13—York, Pa.:
Billy Angelo knocked out Joe Welling, 6 rds. Fighting Ben beat Rube Bennett, 8 rds. Ted Williams knocked out Young Decker, 3 rds.

13—Covington, Ky.:
Henry Colletta and Sammy Sandow, draw, 10 rds.

13—Allentown, Pa.:
Jackie Clark beat Vincent Lopez, 10 rds. Tommy Billiard beat Frank Yarchan, 10 rds.

14—Staten Island, N. Y. (Brighton Boxing Club):
Charley Ryder beat Billy Murphy, 12 rds. Scotty Malcolm and Willie Cardy, draw, 6 rds.

14—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Jack (Kid) Wolfe and Peewee Kaiser, draw, 10 rds. Henry Melcar beat Anthony Downey, 10 rds. Jim Sullivan and Young Hopwood, draw, 6 rds. Anthony Carcifero and Eddie Jackson, draw, 4 rds.

15—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Tommy O'Brien won on a foul from Johnny Mendelsohn, 4 rds.

15—Aberdeen, Wash.:
Joe Gorman and Jimmy Sacco, draw, 6 rds.
Mike Depinto and Mike Ballerino, draw, 6 rds.
Jack Robinson beat Eddie Loraine, 4 rds.
Eddie Huse and Herb Frank, draw, 4 rds.

15—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Ernie Gooseman and Danny Kramer, draw, 4 rds.
"Red" Doland beat Fred Williams, 4 rds.

15—Knoxville, Iowa.:
Jabber Young and Pep Webster, draw, 10 rds.

15—Seattle, Wash.:
Jimmy Duffy beat Travie Davis, 6 rds.
Bobbie Gray and Roy McCashlin, draw, 6 rds.
Rube Finn knocked out Larry O'Brien, 5 rds.
Al Gower beat Patsy Ciacco, 4 rds.
Chris Stillman beat Dode Bercott, 4 rds.

15—New York (102 Medical Regiment Armory):
Bearcat Powell knocked out Frankie Brown, 3 rds.
K. O. Red O'Neill beat Paul Jackson, 8 rds.
Marty Sullivan knocked out Joe Burns, 1 rd.
Menny Rechter knocked out Kid Beck, 3 rds.

15—Philadelphia:
Benny Paschall knocked out Al Jetsan, 2 rds.
Hughie Dougherty knocked out Orm Moore, 4 rds.

15—Youngstown, Ohio:
Jimmy Jones beat Frankie Schoell, 12 rds.
Young Mack beat Dutchy Myers, 8 rds.

15—Indianapolis:
Bud Taylor beat Herbie Schaefer, 10 rds.

16—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Jimmy Kelly knocked out Johnny Summers, 7 rds.
Nick Foley beat Jack Denny, 10 rds.
Joe Daley beat Bull Anderson, 10 rds.

16—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Abe Goldstein knocked out Billy Marlowe, 3 rds.
Ned Fitzgerald knocked out Charlie Sheppard, 2 rds.

16—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. A.):
Charlie Beecher knocked out Phil Martin, 2 rds.
Scotty Melcomb beat Jimmy Bones, 10 rds.

16—Cumberland, Md.:
Dick Colon knocked out Buck Penner, 5 rds.
Kid Gainer knocked out Battling Kranich, 2 rds.
Kid Alexander knocked out John Cooper, 2 rds.

16—New Orleans:
Happy Littleton beat Billy Shade, 15 rds.

16—Philadelphia:
Willie Green beat Toughey Murray, 8 rds.
Joe Peck Martin beat Sam Blackstone, 6 rds.

16—New York (15th Infantry Armory):
Alex (Kid) Gibbons knocked out Carl Jackson, 2 rds.
Jimmy Day knocked out Kid Tuller, 3 rds.

16—Long Branch, N. J. (Ocean Park A. A.):
Jimmy Cooney and Johnny Williams, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Buere beat Bobby Reimer, 10 rds.

17—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Willie Jackson beat Willie Pheffer, 10 rds.
Frankie Fitzpatrick knocked out Sid Buller, 6 rds.
Billie Clark beat Georgie Bush, 10 rds.

17—Brooklyn (Rink Sporting Club):
Andy O'Boyle and Frankie Quill, draw, 12 rds.
Willie Herman knocked out Joe Weber, 2 rds.
Willie Farley beat Tommy Milton, 6 rds.
Nick Nelson and Barney Shiff, draw, 6 rds.

17—New York (Ninth Regiment Armory):
Sailor Hammer won on a foul from Jack Marlowe in 5 rds.
Joe Fox knocked out Kid Webber, 2 rds.
Tommy Fay beat Midget Sully, 6 rds.
Jimmy Collins knocked out John Peppy, 2 rds.

17—Brooklyn(Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Sailor Joe Daley and Italian Joe Dempsey, draw, 12 rds.
Joe Frisco beat Willie Daney, 10 rds.
Johnny Willets beat Charley Morelle, 6 rds.

17—Porter, Ind.:
Bill Tate knocked out Boston Bearcat, 1 rd.

19—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Dave Rosenberg beat Italian Joe Gans, 12 rds.
Happy Gorman beat Billy Ryckoff, 8 rds.
Danny Ross beat Nick Scanlon, 8 rds.
Jimmy Canero and Nat Levine, draw, 6 rds.
Joey Silver beat Tommy Dodd, 4 rds.

19—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Benny Valgar beat Johnny Drummie, 12 rds.
Larry Reagan beat Jackie Moore, 10 rds.
Frankie Carr beat Georgie Meyers, 6 rds.

19—Paterson, N. J. (Peerless A. C.):
Willie Herman beat Dick Collins, 12 rds.

19—Newark:
Charley Weinert beat Harry Foley, 12 rds.

19—London:
Ted (Kid) Lewis knocked out Frankie Burns, 11 rds.

19—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Vennie Lopez knocked out Al Miller, 3 rds.
Pedro Campo beat Mickey Connors, 8 rds.

19—Columbus, Ohio:
Jack Perry beat Anthony Downey, 12 rds.

19—Detroit:
Gene Larne knocked out Martin Imbert, 2 rds.

19—Milwaukee:
Jeff Smith beat Bob Moha, 10 rds.

19—New Castle, Pa.:
George Perotta beat Dick Evans, 10 rds.
Ray Cole beat Leo Carmen, 8 rds.
Kid Tennessee beat Jimmy O'Donnell, 6 rds.
Terris Cangle knocked out Young Cumo, 2 rds.

19—Lancaster, Pa.:
Billy Angelo knocked out Tommy O'Toole, 2 rds.
Rube Bennett and Buck Aston, draw, 8 rds.

19—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Indian Russell beat Charles Huber, 10 rds.
Billy Ganton and Bobby Robideau, draw, 10 rds.
Eddie Jordan quit to Ivory Eshelman, 9 rds.
Raply Repman beat Battling Lease, 6 rds.

19—Cincinnati:
Speedy Sparks beat K. O. Brown, 10 rds.
Babe Breen beat Bert Palmer, 8 rds.
Tony Carcifero beat Bert Gibbons, 8 rds.

19—Allentown, Pa.:
Jack McCarron knocked out Chief Halftown, 2 rds.
Allentown Dundee beat Pete Ross, 8 rds.

20—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Danny Kramer beat Ernie Gooseman, 4 rds.
Harry Pelsinger beat Freddy Williams, 4 rds.
Jimmy Callahan beat Young Farrell, 4 rds.

20—Denver, Col.:
Harry Schuman beat Warnie Smith, 12 rds.

22—New York (102 Medical Regiment Armory):
Tony Marto beat Joey Fox, 12 rds.
Mickey Black beat Kid Troy, 8 rds.

22—Orange, N. J.:
Joe McCartney knocked out Joe Senter, 4 rds.

22—Allentown, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Johnny Reisler, 10 rds.
Frankie Brown knocked out Joe Socco, 2 rds.

22—Philadelphia:
Pete Atteri beat Danny Buck, 8 rds.
Mickey Martell knocked out Willie Chester, 1 rd.

22—Port Clinton, Ohio:
Babe Silverwood quit to Bill Scott, 4 rds.
Cameron Perry and Jack Duffy, draw, 8 rds.
Lawrence Jeremi and Eddie Britton, draw, 6 rds.

22—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Harper beat Jimmy Sacco, 6 rds.
Joe Eagan beat Tom King, 4 rds.
Harold Jones beat Jimmy Rivers, 4 rds.
Eddie Niel beat Frankie Green, 4 rds.

22—San Bernardino, Cal.:
Ad Rubidoux knocked out Bud Garber, 4 rds.

23—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Sammy Sieger beat Tommy Noble, 12 rds.
Eddie Fletcher and Joe Reed, draw, 8 rds.
Irving Jampol knocked out Johnny Levine, 2 rds.

23—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Pete Hartley won on a foul from Shamus O'Brien, 2 rds.
Mike Burke knocked out Yussel Pearlstein, 8 rds.

23—Long Branch, N. J. (Ocean Park A. A.):
Andy O'Boyle and Jack McFarlane, draw, 12 rds.
Artie Martin and Frankie Fitzpatrick, draw 8 rds.

23—Revere Beach, Mass.:
Georgie Ward beat Nate Siegel, 10 rds.
"Porky" Flynn knocked out Tom Cotter, 5 rds.

23—Brockton, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Danny Edwards, 10 rds.
Willie Harmon beat Frankie Quill, 10 rds.

23—New York (15th Infantry Armory:
Kid Roux beat Willie St. Clair, 15 rds.
Jack McVey beat Dan Stuart, 8 rds.

23—Bayonne, N. J., Bayonne A. A.:
Italian Jack Herman knocked out Billy Moore, 1 rd.

23—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Jimmy Jone, 12 rds.

23—Syracuse, N. Y., Arena A. C.:
Sammy Green and Frankie Thompson, draw, 10 rds.

24—Long Island City, Queensboro Stadium:
Frankie Jerome beat Harry Gordon, 10 rds.
Manny Wexler beat Willie Farley, 10 rds.
Jimmy Mars and Willie Davis, draw, 10 rds.
Willie O'Connell beat Johnny Noble, 6 rds.
Marty Silvers beat Jackie Barrett, 4 rds.

24 — Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York:
Lou Bogash beat Tommy Robson, 12 rds.
Jimmy Kelly knocked out Sammy Good, 6 rds.
Pete August knocked out John Hogan, 2 rds.
Jack Telyou knocked out Charlie Mullins, 1 rd.

24 — Brooklyn, Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Al Boyle beat Tommy Marengo, 12 rds.
Frankie Coster knocked out Frankie Curley, 6 rds.

24—New York, Ninth Regiment Armory:
Lee Wedo knocked out Danny Davis, 8 rds.
Bobby Wallace beat Bobby O'Neil, 12 rds.

24—San Francisco, Cal.:
Tod Morgan knocked out "Sailor" Frankie Victrola, 2 rds.
Eddie Diggins and Frankie Thomas, draw, 4 rds.
Pete Daley and "Sailor" Martinez, draw, 4 rds.
Fred Sullivan and Al Hoag, draw, 4 rds.
"Sailor" Silverstein beat Jimmy Brady, 4 rds.
Young Friedman knocked out "Sailor" King Kelly, 1 rd.
"Kid" Pachico beat Billy Bloom, 4 rds.

24—Omaha, Neb.:
George Shade and Jimmy Delaney, draw, 10 rds.
Morris Schlaifer knocked out Rock Smith, 2 rds.
Kid Norfolk and Jack Taylor, draw, 10 rds.

24—El Dorado:
Frankie Tucker and Arlos Fanning, draw, 10 rds.

24—Vancouver, B. C.:
Vic Foley and Georgie Lee, draw, 10 rds.

26—New York, New York Velodrome:
Jack Britton won on a foul from Benny Leonard, 13 rds.
Eddie Fitzsimmons knocked out Sammy Mosberg, 1 rd.
Joe Leonard beat Sammy Marco, 4 rds.
Jack Stark and Jimmy Cooney, draw, 6 rds.

26—Brooklyn, Broadway Exhibition Association:
Jackie Norman beat Frankie Edwards, 12 rds.
Bert Spencer and Italian Jack Dempsey, draw, 12 rds.

26—Liverpool, Ohio:
Tommy Harrison knocked out Jim Higgins, 13 rds.

26—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Pete Zivic, 12 rds.

26—Pittsburgh, Forbes Field:
Harry Greb beat Hugh Walker, 10 rds.
Patsy Scanlon beat Chalky Wimler, 6 rds.
Billy Maloney quit to Mike Moran, 3 rds.
Tony Ross beat Harry Haggerty, 6 rds.

26—Boston:
Lou Bogash beat Mickey Walker, 10 rds.

26—Philadelphia:
Matty Brooks and Stanley Willis, draw, 8 rds.
Willie Curry and Dick Stosh, draw, 6 rds.
Frank Ferro knocked out Jack Berry, 1 rd.
Joe Gorman beat Eddie Fox, 6 rds.

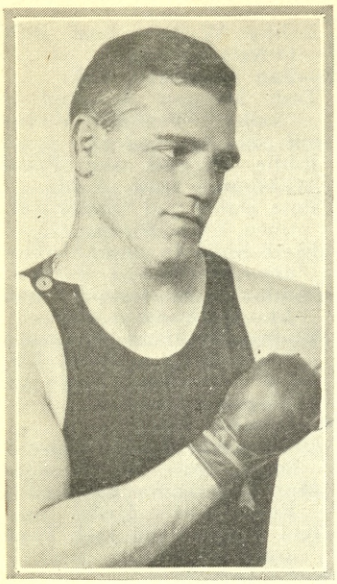
26—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Johnny Krause beat Young Muffo, 8 rds.
Tony Golden beat George Russell, 8 rds.

26—Allentown, Pa.:
Kid Hogan beat Young Mengo, 6 rds.
Eddie Shugrue and Andy Ketchel, draw, 8 rds.
George Eagle and Young Tiger, draw, 10 rds.

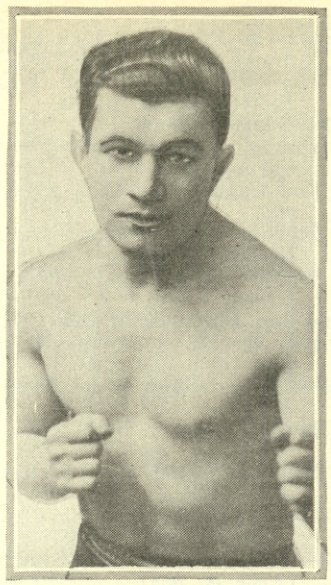
26—Dayton, Ohio:
Johnny Karr beat Soldier Bartfield, 12 rds.

26—Toledo, Ohio:
Eddie Ketchel beat Patsy Dugan, 12 rds.

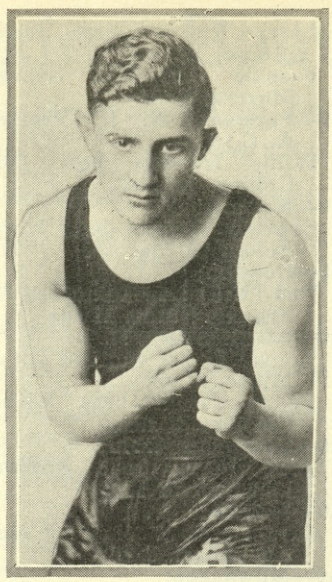
27—Philadelphia, Ice Palace:
Whitey Fitzgerald and Ray Mitchell, draw, 8 rds.



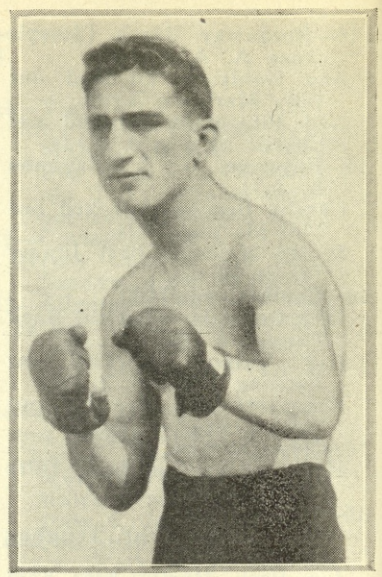
Bill Brennan, veteran heavyweight, who is matched with Jack Dempsey



Jack Wolfe, Cleveland's crack bantam. He fought a sensational battle in the New York Velodrome recently with Frankie Jerome



Sammy Nable, New York's clever bantamweight



Dave Rosenberg, leading contender for middleweight crown

Tommy O'Leary beat George Russell, 6 rds.
Jimmy Mendo beat Joe Nelson, 6 rds.
Young Jack O'Brien beat Sam Blackiston, 6 rds.
Len Rawlins beat Joe Bush, 6 rds.

27—Rock Island, Ill.:
Charley White beat Johnny Dundee, 10 rds.

27—Los Angeles:
Danny Kramer knocked out Red Dolan, eighth round.
Jimmy Calahan beat Teddy Silvam, eight rounds.

San Francisco:
Sailor Walthers beat Sid Herbstm, four rounds.
Frankie Brown beat Eiddie Baker, four rounds.
Sailor Smith and Jack Morrison, four round draw.
Jake Jacobson, beat Joe Steirs, four rounds.
Young Beezer knocked out Joe Tavis, two rounds.
Johnny Lawson knocked out Feliz Vigas, one round.

Portland, Ore.:
Bobby Harper knocked out Joe Rivers, eight rounds.
Frankie Britt beat Sammy Gordon, eight rounds.
Sailor Jimmy Hackley beat Mike De Pinto, 6 rounds.
Billy Ryan knocked out Jerry Terry, third round.
Chuck Hellman knocked out Silent McNish, two rounds.

28—San Francisco:
Frank Farrell knocked out Al Goss, first round.
Frankie Gomez beat Battling Hoppe, four rounds.
Johnny Lawson beat Frankie Kelly, four rounds.
Terry McBride beat Phil Criz, four rounds.
Mickey Russell defeated Frankie Vernon, four rounds.
Joe Ortega beat Sailor Willie Sneedom, four rounds.
Pete Nerry knocked out "Hap" Narey, one round.
Jack Lynn knocked out Jimmy Dixon, three rounds.
Frankie Denny and Jack Reeves, draw, four rounds.
Johnny McManus beat Sammy Compango, 4 rounds.
Ray Pelkey knocked out Jack Morris, second round.
Frankie Conifrey beat Joe Dunne, four rounds.
Harry Scott beat Eddie (Kid) Mende, four rounds.
Cap Nelson stopped Mickey Roberts, third round.
Joe Avery beat Al Crist, four rounds.

28—Jersey City, Oakland A. A.:
K.O. Phil Kaplan beat Harry Martone, 12 rds.
Marty Collins beat Joe Clifford, 10 rds.
Danny Lewis knocked out Charley Murray, 2 rds.
Jose Vellers and Jimmy Harris, draw, 6 rds.
Fred Boyner and Roy Newman, draw, 4 rds.

28—Louisville, Ky.:
Frankie Nessler beat Patsy McMahon, 10 rds.

28—Providence, R. I.:
Wildman Gould knocked out Mickey Devine, 4 rds.
Tommy McGuire beat Johnny Pobuck, 10 rds.

28—Newark, N. J.:
Sailor Maxted knocked out Kid Nolan, 2 rds.
Willie Burns beat Young Anthony, 8 rds.

28—Cumberland, Md.:
Fay Keiser beat Harry Krohn, 12 rds.
Bobby Green beat Kid Gainor, 8 rds.
Lew Dempsey beat Harry Kappell, 8 rds.

29—Houston, Tex.:
Frankie Garcia knocked out Duffy Murray in the second rd.

29—Newark, N. J., Broad A. C.:
Georgie Ward beat Mickey Walker, 12 rds.
Al Delmont knocked out Al Kale, 5 rds.
Tommy Speno beat Frankie Burke, 8 rds.

29—New York, 102 Medical Regiment Armory:
Charlie Picker knocked out Charlie Murray, 5 rds.
K. O. Red O'Neil and Danny Lyons, draw, 8 rds.

29—Brooklyn, Forty-seventh Regiment Armory:
Sammy Butts beat Jimmy Barton, 10 rds.

29—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan won on a foul from Earl Baird, 8 rds.

29—Allentown, Pa.:
Kid Fredericks beat Indian Russell, 10 rds.
Ivory Eshelman quit to Johny Dutko, 2 rds.
Pete Husic knocked out Hal Roach, 2 rds.
Bobby Burns and Steve Cole, draw, 6 rds.

30—San Francisco:
Dynamite Murphy beat California Joe Lynch, four rds.
Ray Pelky beat Tommy Gardner, four rds.
Eddie Hanley beat Young Compton, four rds.
Gus Williams beat Harry Baker, four rds.
Eddie Kelly and Joe Avery, four round draw.
Vic Moran and Joe Steirs, four round draw.

30—Rockaway Beach, Steeplechase A. A.:
Babe Herman beat Willie Kohler, 12 rds.
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, 5 rds.
Young Eddy beat Jimmy Jackson, 6 rds.
Andy Tucker knocked out Jack Dunn, 1 rd.
Willie Bradley beat Bobby Graham, 4 rds.

30—Coney Island, Surf Avenue A. A.:
Paul Doyle knocked out Willie Fentour, 9 rds.
Tony Lyons beat Young Pierce, 10 rds.

30—New York, Fifteenth Infantry Armory:
Danny Edwards knocked out Frankie Rowan, 2 rds.
Kid Buller knocked out Kid Brooks, 1 rd.

30—Bayonne, Bayonne A. A.:
Johnny Leonard and Lew Snyder, draw, 12 rds.
Irving Levinson quit to Willie Burns, 4 rds.

30—Long Branch, N. J., Ocean Park A. A.:
Johnny (Red) Monroe beat Dutch Brandt, 12 rds.
Silent Regan and Danny Humphreys, draw, 6 rds.
Bud Spratley beat Joe Van Severn, 6 rds.

30—Trenton, N. J., Arena A. A.:
Harry Wills knocked out Jeff Clark, 2 rds.
Tony Walker knocked out Tom ny Ryan, 1 rd.
Billy Schimpf and Welden Wing, draw, 8 rds.
Joe Pledge knocked out Johnny Vigge, 1 rd.

30—Aurora, Ill.:
Charlie White beat Ever Hammer, 10 rds.

30—Peoria, Ill.:
Don Allison knocked out Billy Long, 8 rds.

30—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Elkins beat Sammy Waltz, 10 rds.

30—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Sailor Pacillie beat Mixer Mitchell, 15 rds.

30—Philadelphia:
Tommy Golden beat Stanley Willis, 8 rds.
Soldier Kapparas knocked out Mike Kawalski, 3 rds.

30—Erie, Pa.:
Johnny Donnelly beat Red Mack, 10 rds.
Cliff Becker knocked out Terry Mitchell, 1 rd.
Art Wander knocked out Paul Robb, 4 rds.

JULY

1—New York, Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Johnny Shugrue beat Charlie Pilkington, 12 rds.
Willie Darcy beat Johnny Inhouse, 10 rds.

1—Brooklyn, Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Billy Ryckoff knocked out Happy Gorman, 12 rds.

3—New York, Broadway Exhibition Association:
Frankie Curry beat Marty Collins, twelve rounds.
Frankie Coster beat Sonny Smith, twelve rounds.

Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Johnny Williams beat Joe Mandell.
Jimmy Martin knocked out Frankie Fay, seventh round.

Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoel beat Johnny Pasky, twelve rounds.

4—Michigan City, Ind.:
Benny Leonard knocked out Rocky Kansas, eight rounds.
Dennis O'Keefe knocked out Harold Walsh, second round.
Harold Smith beat Jimmy Kelly, eight rounds.
Al Wolgast defeated Jack O'Toole, eight rounds.

Bronxville:
Bernie Conway beat Dick De Sanders, 10 rounds.

Bull Fay beat Pug Brown, six rounds.
Snipe Furlong beat Walter Dickinson, six rounds.
Kid Chisel and Frank Lockhart, draw, six rounds.

Rutland, Vt.:
Johnny Wilson knocked out Al Demaris, four rounds.

Memphis:
Pal Moore beat Sammy Mandell, eight rounds.

Canton, O.:
Carl Tremaine, beat Jabez White, 12 rounds.
Johnny Rini knocked out Young Zabish, three rounds.
Alex Simms knocked out Tommy Beagle, one round.
Billy Hursh beat Sailor Ramsey, six rounds.

Charleroi:
Johnny King knocked out Bobby Lee, three rounds.
Billy Yates knocked out Frankie Lee, two rounds.

Macon:
Young Stribling beat Jake Abel, 10 rounds.
Kid Joiner knocked out Phil Keith, six rounds.

Atlantic City:
Frankie McQuire beat Vincent Lopez, eight rounds.
Willie Allen and Pasy Johnson, draw, eight rounds.

Bethlehem, Pa.:
Tommy Billiard knocked out Johnny Alex, two rounds.

Youngstown:
Jimmy Jones beat Soldier Bartfield, 10 rounds.
George Perotta beat Johnny Vahser, eight rounds.

New Castle, Pa.:
Mickey Forkins beat Ralph Schappert, ten rounds.
Ray Cole beat Eddie Taylor, two rounds.

Bangor, Me.:
Eddie Trembley knocked out Ernie McIntyre, 12 rounds.

Ashland, Ky.:
Bill Brennan beat Bob Martin, twelve rounds.

Clearfield, Pa.:
Eddie Borland and Young Mulligan, draw, 12 rounds.
John Revesto knocked out Johnny Kerston, 5 rounds.

Oklahoma City:
Billy Miske knocked out Willie Meehan, one round.

Columbus:
Phil O'Dowd and Charley Goodman, draw, 12 rounds.

Chicago, Ill:
Pee Wee Kaiser beat Jack Wolfe, 12 rounds.

4—San Francisco:
"Panama Joe" Gans beat Frankie Denny, 4 rds.
Johnny McManus beat "California Joe" Lynch, 4 rds.
Jimmy Dundee beat Joe (King) Leopold, 4 rds.
Al Sange beat Young Compston, 3 rds.
Pete Francis and Cap Nelson, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Ketchel beat Al McManus, 4 rds.
Joe Avery and Frankie Gorman, draw, 4 rds.

6—Ebbet's Field, Brooklyn:
Johnny Dundee beat Jack Sharkey, 15 rds.
Harry Gordon beat Joe Ryder, 8 rds.
Jimmy Kirk knocked out Willie Bradley, 4 rds.
Midget Joe Colletti knocked out Harry Catena, 3 rds.
Jack Harris beat Joe Zeller, 4 rds.

6—Jersey City (Oakland A. A.):
Frankie Genero beat Pancho Villa, 12 rds.
Johnnie Green beat Sam Butts, 10 rds.
Bobby Whitteridge beat Danny Lewis, 6 rds.

6—New York (102 Medical Regiment Armory):
Joe Melito beat Sonny Cashin, 10 rds.
Petey Martin beat Dominick Servidio, 10 rds.

6—Philadelphia (Columbia A. C.):
Jack Martin won on a foul over Mike Credell, 3 rds.
Sammy Blackison knocked out Franky Smith 1 rd.

6—Troy, N. Y.:
Vincent Coffey beat Frank Laureate, 12 rds.
Patsy Rubino beat Andy Cope, 4 rds.

6—San Francisco:
Willie Carlson beat Eddie Garcia, 4 rds.
Pete Daley knocked out Frankie Joyce, 1 rd.
Jack Lyon beat Johnny Ertle, 4 rds.
Eddie Madden knocked out Jack Thierot, 2 rds.
Bob Geary knocked out Frankie Vernon, 1 rd.

7—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Frankie Murphy beat Sailor Ritter, 4 rds.
Jimmy Callahan beat Ad Rubidoux, 4 rds.

7—Vancouver, B. C.:
Jimmy Sacco beat Abie Miskind, 10 rds.

7—San Francisco (Dreamland Rink):
Ted Morgan beat "Dynamite" Murphy, 4 rds.
Young Carmen beat Roy Sutherland, 4 rds.
Eddie White and Frankie McCann, draw, 4 rds.
Young Friedlander knocked out "Sailor" Sneeden, 1 rd.
Al Green knocked out Ted Miller, 2 rds.
Terry McBride knocked out "Sailor" Gaske, 1 rd.
Pete Berry and Joe Bush, draw, 4 rds.

7—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Young Jack O'Brien beat Joe Bush, 6 rds.
Wally Hinkle beat Tommy Devlin, 6 rds.
Jimmy Mendo knocked out Phila. Jack Sharkey, 4 rds.
Patsy Broderick beat Bobby Robideau, 6 rds.
Benny Bass fouled Chick Kansas, 3 rds.
Eddie Dempsey beat Ray Mitchell, 6 rds.

7—Paris:
Eugene Criqui knocked out Arthur Wyns, 12 rds.

7—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):
Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Jack Hausner, 12 rds.
Sid Terris beat Larry Goldberg, 12 rds.

7—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. A.):
Italian Jack Herman knocked out Eddie Josephs, 5 rds.
Artie Bird and Scotty Melcomb, draw, 8 rds.

7—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):
Gene Tunney beat Fay Keiser, 12 rds.

7—New York (Fifteenth Infantry Armory):
Kid Roux and Ben Tonteau, draw, 15 rds.
Marty Powell knocked out K. O. Evans, 1 rd.

7—Long Branch, N. J. (Ocean Park A. A.):
Hughey Hutchinson knocked out Willie Davis, 10 rds.
Jack McVey beat Bert Smithers, 6 rds.
Harold Evans knocked out Johnny McCabe, 4 rds.

7—Revere, Mass.:
Dan (Porky) Flynn knocked out Jeff Madden, 6 rds.
Willie Gradwell beat Young Tansey, 10 rds.

7—San Francisco:
Young Papke beat Young Compston, 4 rds.
Ray Pelky beat Johnny Burns, 4 rds.
Harry Scott beat Mickey O'Donnell, 4 rds.
"Sailor" Walthers beat Joe Morrissey, 4 rds.
Johnny Lamar and Vic Moran, draw, 4 rds.
Frankie Baker beat Johnny Gordon, 4 rds.
Johnny Lawson and Billy Lakeman, draw, 4 rds.

8—Long Island City (Queensboro Stadium):
Tommy McAleer beat Gunner Joe Quinn, 10 rds.
Bill Henry beat Charley Arthurs, 10 rds.
Jimmy Carroll beat Johnny (Kid) Holmes, 10 rds.

8—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Jack Bernstein beat Sol Seeman, 12 rds.
Phil Rosenberg beat Sammy Butts, 10 rds.

8—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Johnny Williams won on a foul over Joe Mandell, 6 rds.
Andy Tucker beat Tommy Duffy, 12 rds.

10—New York (Metropolitan Velodrome):
Joe Lynch beat Johnny Buff, 15 rds.
Frankie Jerome beat Jack (Kid) Wolf, 12 rds.
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Johnny Drummie, 6 rds.
Wallie O'Connell beat Murray Pressner, 4 rds.

10—Brooklyn (Broadway Exhibition Association):
Italian Joe Gans beat Marty Cross, 12 rds.
Mickey Nelson and Joe Reed, draw, 8 rds.
Joey Fields beat Georgie Moore, 6 rds.
Frankie Carpenter beat Roy Benson, 12 rds.
Patsy Philbin beat Wilbur Darcy, 10 rds.
Young Callahan and Willie Archer, draw, 6 rds.

10—Port Richmond, Staten Island (Brighton Boxing Club):
Mike Mazie beat Willie Currie, 12 rds.

10—Boston (Arena A. C.):
Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Gene Delmont, 12 rds.

10—Philadelphia (National League Ball Park):
Harry Greb beat Tommy Loughran, 8 rds.
Pat Moran beat Joe Tiplitz, 8 rds.
Earl France beat Jimmy Hanlon, 8 rds.
Ad Stone beat Jim Holland, 8 rds.
Joe Benjamin won on a foul from George (Young) Erne, 3 rds.

10—Albany, N. Y. (Chadwick Park):
Tommy Robson beat George Shade, 12 rds.

10—Denver, Col.:
Billy Miske beat Marty Burke, 12 rds.

10—Louisville, Ky.:
Jack McCarron and Frank Carbone, draw, 12 rds.

10—London, England:
George Cook beat Soldier Jones, 20 rds.

10—Pittsburgh (Forbes Field):
Ray Pryol beat Johnny Ward, 10 rds.
Johnny King beat Frankie Ford, 3 rds.; bout stopped.
Young Piazzi beat Eddie Hazel, 4 rds.; bout stopped.
Johnny Fundy beat Johnny Grygo, 6 rds.

10—Atlantic City:
Dick Stosh beat Willie Houck, 8 rds.
Jack Lester beat Max Williamson, 8 rds.

10—Toledo, Ohio:
Harry Krohn beat Joe Lehman, 12 rds.
Chuck Ryers knocked out Pat Hall, 2 rds.

10—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie Shannon beat K. O. Mars, 12 rds.

11—Jersey City, N. J. (Oakland A. A.):
Danny Edwards beat "Irish" Johnny Curtin, 12 rds.
Sid Terrace beat Marty Silvers, 10 rds.
Willie Burns and Kid Perkins, bout stopped by referee.
Barney McFaden beat Jimmy Fay, 1 rd.

11—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Bert Colima knocked out Billy Gibbs, 3 rds.
Chic Roach beat Young Ketchell, 4 rds.

11—Great Falls, Mont.:
Pete Bross knocked out Eddie Shepherd, 8 rds.

12—Long Island City (Queensboro Stadium):
Johnny Dundee beat Shamus O'Brien, 4 rds.
Harry Galfund and Willie Jackson, draw, 4 rds.
Jimmy Mars beat Andy Chaney, 4 rds.
Johnny Shugrue beat Red Cap Wilson, 4 rds.
Jock Malone beat Jack Stone, 4 rds.
Italian Joe Gans beat Frank Danunzie, 4 rds.
Leo Gates beat Wolf Larsen, 4 rds.
Benny Gould and Joe Frisco, draw, 4 rds.
Sammy Cohen knocked out Johnny Inhouse, 2 rds.
Harry Gordon knocked out Paddy Herman, 1 rd.

12—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Kid Buller knocked out Jack Guillard, 2 rds.

12—Toledo:
Don Browser beat Sam Dennis, 10 rds.
P. Muller knocked out E. Eckle, 1 rd.

12—Toronto, Can.:
Bobby Eber beat Eddie Pinchot, 10 rds.

13—102nd Medical Regiment Armory:
Johnny Martin beat Charlie Murray, 12 rds.

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Sam Marco beat K O Red O'Neil, 8 rds.

13—Brooklyn (47th Regiment Armory):

Nat Levine knocked out Eddie Casey, 1 rd.

Joe Glick knocked out Battling Burke, 2 rds.

14—Coney Island (Surf Avenue A. A.):

Frankie Coster beat Midget Smith, 12 rds.

Nick Scanlon beat Danny Maher, 6 rds.

Abe Goldstein beat Johnny Gray, 12 rds.

August Pisano beat Billy Bell, 4 rds.

14—Rockaway Beach (Steeplechase A. A.):

Bert Spencer beat Red Cap Wilson, 12 rds.

Young Dunn beat Johnny Pearce, 6 rds.

Willie Herman knocked out Johnny Murphy, 4 rds.

14—Bayonne, N. J. (Bayonne A. A.):

Johnny Darcy beat Gene Delmont, 12 rds.

Joe Sentor beat K O (Kid) Thompson, 8 rds.

14—Newark, N. J. (Troxler's Arena):

Teddy Smacks beat Soldier Russell, 8 rds.

Freddy Seidel knocked out Willie Jenkins, 1 rd.

14—New York (Fifteenth Infantry Armory):

Willie Walker beat Alex Kid Gibbons, 15 rds.

Dan Stuart knocked out Bobby (Kid) Brown, 3 rds.

14—Long Branch, N. J. (Ocean Park A. A.):

Philly King beat Alex Trambitas, 12 rds.

14—Philadelphia:

Vincent Lopez and Jack Clark, draw, 8 rds.

Soldier Katarsky knocked out Joe McCarty, 4 rds.

14—Holyoke, Mass.:

Barney McInness beat Johnny Moore, 10 rds.

Romeo Roche beat Kid Lee, 8 rds.

Young Ledoux beat Billy Dundee, 6 rds.

15—Long Island City (Queensboro A. C.):

Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Mickey Brown, 10 rds.

Floyd Johnson knocked out Carmine Caggiano, 1 rd.

Andy Thomas beat Johnny Williams, 10 rds.

15—New York (Commonwealth Sporting Club):

Willie Jackson and Sid Marks, draw, 10 rds.

Jimmy Mars beat Sid Buller, 10 rds.

15—Brooklyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):

Sonny Smith beat Charley Kohler, 12 rds.

Frankie Richie beat Joe Smith, 10 rds.

Georgie Gale beat Kid Twift, 6 rds.

Amateur Boxing Tournament

BROOKLYN COLLEGE CLUB, N. Y. C.
Broadway Exhibition Club
June 8

110 Pound Class

S. Bienfeld, Clark House A. A., defeated A. Leibowitz, unattached, 3 rds. (judges' decision).

W. Fitzgerald, Bay Ridge K. of C., knocked out J. Schwartz, Bronxdale A. C., 1st rd.

Final Bout

Bienfeld defeated Fitzgerald, 3 rds. (judges' decision).

118 Pound Class

Wilbur Cohan, St. Christopher A. C., knocked out S. Mason, Hearts of May Club (stopped by referee in 3rd rd).

Nat Brend, Clark House A. A., defeated C. Indelicato, Young Men's A. C., 3 rds. (judges' decision).

Final Bout

Cohan knocked out Brend (stopped by referee in 2d rd.

128 Pound Class

Paul Gulotta, unattached, defeated S. Goodman, unattached, 3 rds. (judges' decion).

Harry Sharpe, unattached, defeated Joe Recht, Educational Alliance, 3 rds. (judges decision).

Final Bout

Gulotta defeated Sharpe, 3 rds. (judges' decision).

128 Pound Class—Special Bout

I. Biegelson, Sexton A. C., defeated M. Scher, Iroquois A. C., 3 rds. (judges' decision).

Wrestlers' Bouts

JUNE

23—Boston:

Stanislaus Zbyszko won the first fall from George Calza in 26 minutes, 30 seconds.

George Calza won the second fall from Stanislaus Zbyszko in 21 minutes, 30 secs.

Bout declared a draw after an hour and thirty minutes.

JULY

6—Miles City, Mont.:

George D. Kotsonaros won the first fall from J. P. Turner in 58 minutes. Turner did not return for the second fall and forfeited the match.

22—San Francisco, Cal.:

Angelo Taramaschi won the first fall from Jack McDonald in 28 minutes.

Angelo Taramaschi won the second fall from Jack McDonald in 28 minutes, 4 seconds.

Douglas Parks won fifteen minute session from Frank Lawlwaa.

E. Mendes won from Charley Kelly in 5 minutes.

22—Boston:

Stanislaus Zbyszko threw George Calza in 26 minutes, 30 seconds.

George Calza threw Stanislaus Zbyszko in 21 minutes, 30 seconds.

After 1 hour and 30 minutes wrestling bout declared draw.

24—Eugene, Ore.:

George Barnes won the first fall from Ralph Hand in 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Ralph Hand won the second fall from George Barnes in 40 minutes.

30—Worcester, Mass.:

Waino Ketonen threw Joe Turner in 1 hour and 42 minutes.

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National Boxing Alliance Stages High Class Show

THE National Sports Alliance, of New York, held its second boxing carnival at the Queensboro Stadium on July 12th, and as a result of the sensational bouts which it staged at its first show in Madison Square Garden, played to a packed house. Twenty of the leading boxers in the East took part, including Johnny Dundee, the junior lightweight champion. Harry Greb, the light heavyweight champion was booked to appear but was unable to go on account of a cut eye.

The matches were arranged by Lew Raymond, chairman of the matchmaking committee and every contest went to a decision. There were several upsets, a noted featherweight losing the decision to a comparatively unknown boxer—the first decision this boxer ever lost.

There were several knockouts. Every contest was chuck full of action and although several of the boxers advertised to appear were unable to do so the crowd received in substitutes as good if not better. Incidentally the boxers who were unable to go on have been summoned to appear before the Boxing Commission and explain why, and if their explanations are not satisfactory they will be set down.

Among the boxers who took part in the show were Andy Chaney, Jimmy Mars, Red Cap Wilson and Johnny Shugrue, Jock Malone, Jack Stone, Harry Gordon, Patsy Herman, Young Gould, Joe Frisco, Wolf Larsen, Joe Gates, Italian Joe Gans, Frank D'Annunzio, Sammy Cohen, Johnny Inhouse, Willie Jackson, Harry Gulfand, Johnny Dundee and Shamus O'Brien.

The first effect of the influence of the Alliance was felt by a promoter of Scranton who had failed to pay a member of the Alliance who had boxed there. After a number of the leading boxers had declined to appear for him the promoter decided to come through. He paid the man who had fought for him.

Now a few words to the managers, fight promoters, and fight fans.

The Alliance needs you and needs you badly. It is up to you to make this organization a huge success and you must help. How? By joining now. Pay your membership dues and become an active member.

Application for Membership

IN THE

National Sports Alliance, Inc.

.....192

The Secretary:—

I herewith tender my application for membership in the National Sports Alliance, Inc. and enclose Ten Dollars for the initiation fee, and ..... dollars in payment of dues for ..... period.

I hereby solemnly affirm that I am a fit and proper person to be admitted to and become a member of the National Sports Alliance, Inc.; that I have read the Constitution and By-Laws of said body, and if elected, I promise to obey and abide by the rules, regulations and mandates of the National Sports Alliance, Inc. and its properly elected officers.

And I hereby agree if after my election any of the statements appearing herein are proved to be incorrect, that I shall immediately and automatically cease to be a member, and any sums I may have paid into this organization shall be forfeited.

Signature.....

Permanent Address.....

.....

.....

NOTE Initiation Fee is $10
Dues are $10 yearly. Payable in quarterly installments.
All payments must be made only to Charles A. White, Secretary, at 152 West 42nd Street, New York City, Suite 810.

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1. *Ready for action.*
2. *Showing his reach.*
3. *His stinging right.*
4. *Awaiting the flashlight.*
5. *Strengthening abdominal muscles.*
6-7. *How he will size up in the ring with world's champion Jack Dempsey.*

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